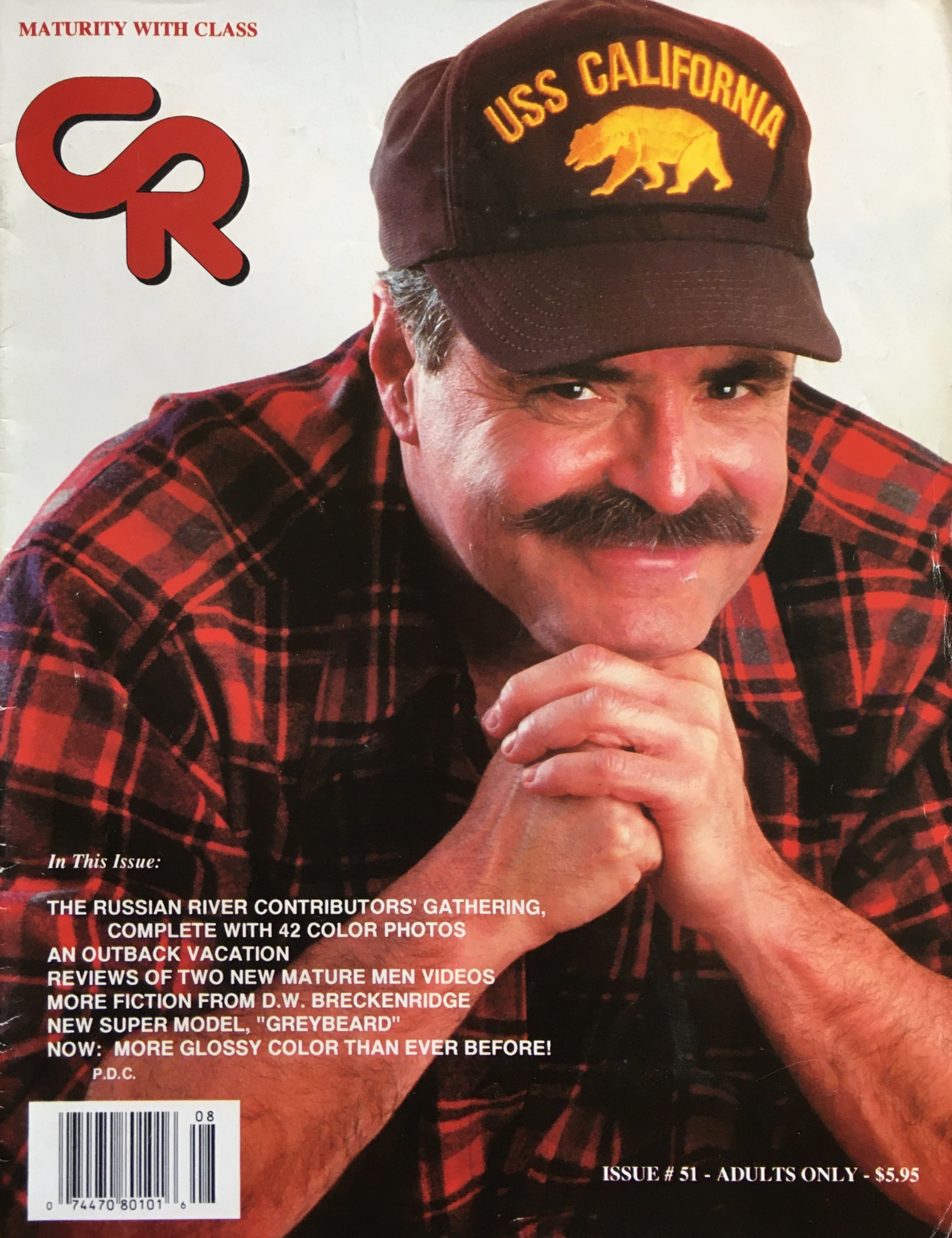
MATURITY WITH CLASS

CR



In This Issue:

THE RUSSIAN RIVER CONTRIBUTORS' GATHERING,
COMPLETE WITH 42 COLOR PHOTOS
AN OUTBACK VACATION
REVIEWS OF TWO NEW MATURE MEN VIDEOS
MORE FICTION FROM D.W. BRECKENRIDGE
NEW SUPER MODEL, "GREYBEARD"
NOW: MORE GLOSSY COLOR THAN EVER BEFORE!

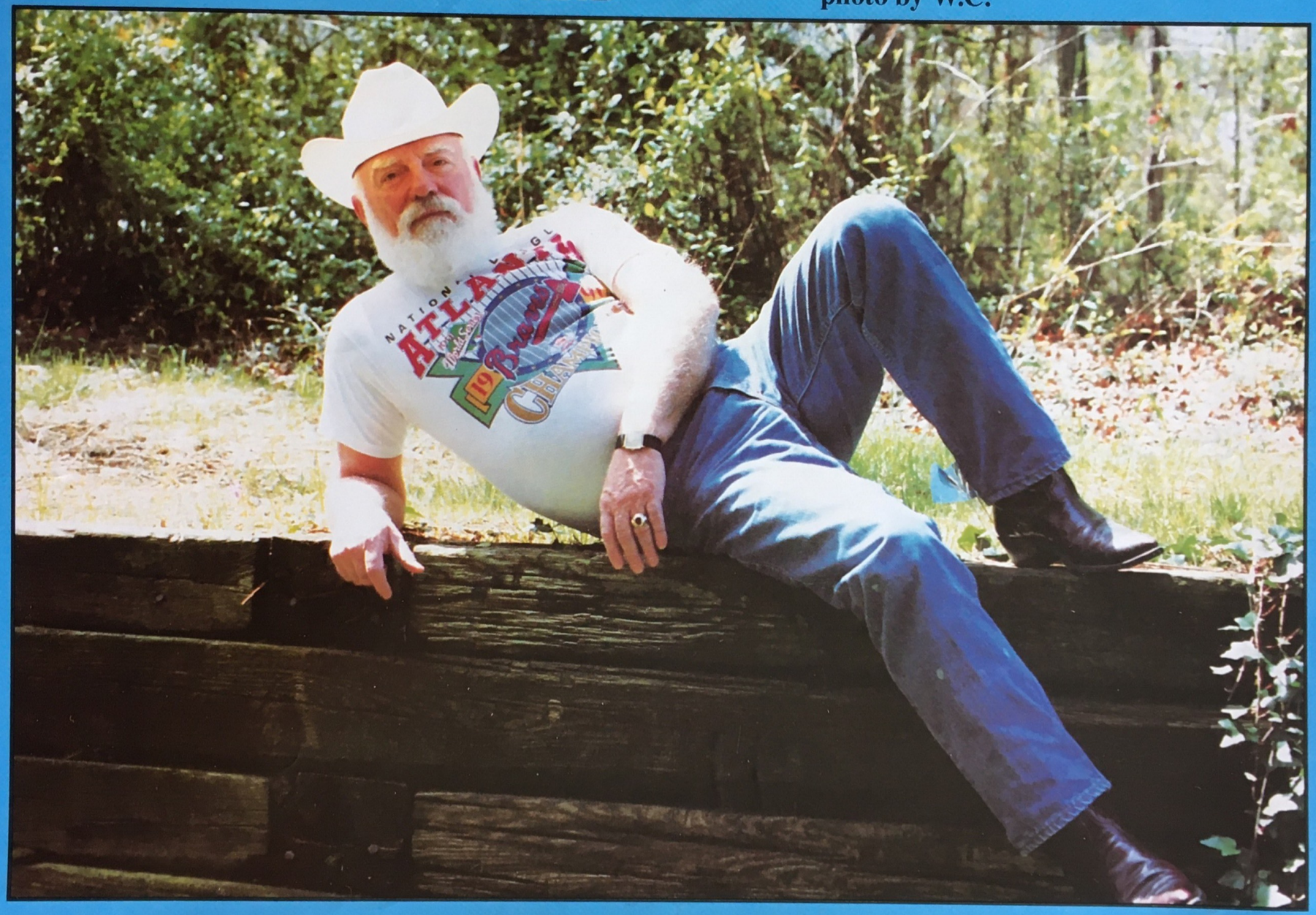
P.D.C.

0 74470 80101 6 08

ISSUE # 51 - ADULTS ONLY - $5.95

GREYBEARD

photo by W.C.



THIS PUBLICATION IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE, SEASONED MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS:

1. TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS.

2. TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

CHIRON RISING (ISSN 1059-5244) is published eight times a year (the first weeks of February, April, May, June, August, October, November and December) at Westminster, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $50.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of *CHIRON RISING* are copyright © 1992 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of *CHIRON RISING* or Patrick H. Colley. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are over 18 years of age. All correspondence received is considered for publication in our FORUM section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to *CHIRON RISING*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

PUBLISHERS/FOUNDERS
Patrick H. Colley, The Friar
EDITOR
Charles Chiarelli
LITERARY CONSULTANT/ ASSOCIATE EDITOR
The Viking
WRITERS/ARTISTS/MODELS PHOTOGRAPHERS
Our Subscribers
HONORARY CO-FOUNDERS
The Colonel, Ex-Logger, Joe & Harry, Legal Eagle, Quetzal, Ram, Kenn Richie, Pug Snider, Woody & Sean, Xylophang
CO-FOUNDER AND GUIDING LIGHT
Kent Justice
PRODUCTION VOLUNTEERS FOR LAST ISSUE
Barekat, Denny & Big Mac, Gary B., Ken W., Merl S., Richie II, Walter Mitty

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONT COVER: Model JOHN BEAR . . . photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS
2 Model GREYBEARD
4 FORUM
9 Artist QUETZAL
10 Artist DAVID
11 Models ABE, FREDRICK, ROBERT
12 Artist JON
13 ANNOUNCEMENTS
13 HEALTH
15 Writer GENE WAGNER
17 Poet RANDY DIX
18 Writer EXOCET
20 Artist BILL THREE
21 Artist FUZZTONE
22 Artist MASCOT
23 Artist ABE
24 Writer OUTBACK JACK
25 PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS
26 Writer KENN RICHIE
27 THE CONTRIBUTORS' GATHERING
35 Writer BRECKENRIDGE
38 Writer FUZZTONE
41 Artist KEMUSH
42 Models THE WOODSMAN, JOEL
43 Artist RAM
44 Artist SAM
45 CLASSIFIED ADS
49 REVIEW: The Music of KIT WATKINS
50 Artist ELF
51 Artist BRANCH
52 IN CLOSING
56 Artist WALT HENRY
59 Model BELLYWARMER
56 Model FLORES

Profiles of all black & white photo models, artists and writers are located at the end of their portrait/featured work. Profiles of color photo models are located on page 25. All contributors welcome correspondence unless noted otherwise. You may write to them as you would a coded personal advertiser. Please see page 45 for instructions.

Color Cover Logo Design: Gary Thomas

F O R U M

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE

At last! A magazine for the mature man. I found Issue #48 at the Unabridged Bookstore in Chicago and read it through at least six times, thence subscribed. CR as evidenced by Issues #46 thru 49 is *intelligent*, thoughtful and insightful! I enjoyed all the stories, especially "The Sanctuary" by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE; "Monogamy—Two Views" by RAY and PAPA BEAR; also "Counting Chickens" by GIRAFFE. Plus *Knowing Saturn*, a rip-roaring thriller which was read nonstop on a Sunday afternoon. To me the most important quality of CR is that it is for and about MEN WHO DON'T GIVE UP ON THEMSELVES, who love life and know that *life is to be lived and enjoyed*. I look forward to many happy years of enjoying CR magazine and community. Sincerely, ENTHUSIAST/Illinois

KNOWING SATURN

No one is more surprised than I about the positive reaction to my novels. For those of you who fear that I am about to fly off on some cosmic ego trip, rest assured that I know my place in the alternative literary scene. In spite of the published glowing reviews of my works and my comparison to famous writers, I am painfully aware of how far I have to go to attain any degree of "greatness." I'm also publishing a couple of bad reviews herein just to balance things out. My modesty notwithstanding, I ask your indulgence as we publish the following unsolicited critiques. After all, I **am** *trying to make a living. PHC*

Colley shows in his latest novel, *Knowing Saturn*, an awesomely growing talent demonstrating ability; subtlety; suspense; tight, dramatic dialog; a fascinating, cohesive and intricate story line; and a remarkable insight into his character's mental development. His lead character, Pring, an Amerasian from Thailand's northernmost reaches, demonstrates beautifully the vulnerable, apologetic defiance found in so many of mixed races and cultures. That Pring is also gay makes him, in his mind, a somewhat further outcast, driven by a duplicitous society and the normal compulsions of his own mind and body. Colley deftly places him with many devious individuals who, in turn, pull Pring increasingly into dangerous liaisons with unsavory, evil and manipulating characters determined to debase, compromise and kill. The suspense, the intricate travels through the minds of the psychologically twisted, the emotion and sexual tendernesses, the heartbreak and pathos throughout this novel makes it a compelling, don't-lay-it-down, must-read work. Colley has exceeded his already impressively demonstrated talents in his new work, and it eloquently and revealingly places him on a level with such master talents of Isaac Asimov, Han Suyin, Erich Segal and J.A. Jance. *Knowing Saturn*. Read it! GENE WAGNER, Guadalajara

It is always interesting to see how Colley's characters are going to end up. I do look forward to a story from him without the violence, though. Thanks to his ability to build such interesting characters and relationships, the violence hasn't controlled the story for me. My lover made the comment that he hates to see violence and sex put together. Anyway, I thought you would like to know our thoughts. We wish you the best. MACRO/Utah

Knowing Saturn has disrupted our household. My lover didn't like it because of the "excessive" violence, but I loved it because: 1) the violence and sex weren't gratuitous, and 2) the story was about so much more (most of which eluded my lover). Violence is all around us, and to escape it is to move inside a cocoon. It's on television every night; our big cities are virtual war zones. Armed conflicts are going on all over the world. It is perhaps the single most potentially disastrous factor in our society, and we should all be trying to figure out ways to defuse the anger that causes it. My lover wants to read a romantic story with no violence, no AIDS, no death; he wants an escape novel, a Busby Berkeley extravaganza in print. Maybe he'll like *Barney*. O.B./New York

Maybe he will. **Barney** *(the title will change since it will be in first person) has very little violence. Basically the story is about a senior married man who suddenly finds himself widowered, impetuous, obsessive, lonely, and in a panic to find something he's only dreamed of: the love of a man. PHC*

I just finished reading your novel *Knowing Saturn* and enjoyed it a great deal. Which isn't surprising since I've loved your other novels as well. Thanks for passing them along. I guess the thing I like best about *K.S.* is the aspect of the older man letting his guard down and accepting his true feelings. It's really quite touching. Plus, you build an exciting, engrossing story with which to surround your characters, which makes it all the more interesting. Another job well done! (You did let one typo get by: "Beetles" instead of "Beatles." But it was minor.) You guys are going to be even busier now that your press run has increased, aren't you? 8,000 is a *big* jump! The cover looks great! Nice picture, the type is well-placed. The new logo also works well. (I'm a graphic designer also, so I thought I'd stick my opinion in there.) More people will identify with "CR" as a logo than "Chiron Rising" as a name. That was a good move. Anyway, take care of yourselves. You guys are going pro! MASCOT/Georgia

Shame on me for using "Beetles" instead of "Beatles." They were my favorites when I was a New York rebel in my late twenties. I added the line after the editors were finished. Exclusively my error. PHC

I finally found a copy of your magazine in a store here. I have issues #48 and #49. I was disappointed with the novel *Knowing Saturn*. I was bothered by the sadomasochism, excessive drug use and the murders. It was interesting but depressing. I would like to see a story that's a little "lighter," or perhaps even a little humorous. When I have time, I may see what I can do in that area. S.B./Oklahoma City

S.B. doesn't elaborate on the meaning of his last sentence. Hope he's a writer who is about to give us some humorous material. Lord, please let him have thick skin. Writer CAMSHAFT left in a huff over a misunderstanding before his first piece hit the street! PHC

Now about Special Issue #49. I was amazed from cover to cover. The layout JOEL did of THOM blew me away. Fantastic color and light. Incredible subject matter. THOM has the

peaceful, knowing face of an Indian swami who has lived many lives. What can I say about *Knowing Saturn* that hasn't been said? It is so gratifying to read fiction that gives you the feeling it was written especially for you. The writing this time out had a psychedelic, mystical feel to it that matched the time period perfectly. It was haunting at times to the point of making one feel uncomfortable, but if one kept reading and relaxed with the flow, they were in for an incredible adventure. I also love the use of classical music to create a mood and astrology to fuel our imagination. It is so amazing how you can blend eroticism with danger. There is something about being on the run that creates exciting situations. Making lovers pay the ultimate price for being together. What a transformation Pring went through! Humans rising out of the ashes like a Phoenix to claim happiness, not as they imagined, but as life allows them to carve out for themselves. M.D.H./Arkansas

I'm not articulate; I'm a high school dropout and am ashamed of trying to tell you how issue #47 (*Knowing Saturn*) affected me. I was moved . . . in tears, to be truthful. Your writing is so much more than words on paper. You are a compassionate man with a rare talent for connecting with other people. You are the music of Mahler, of Richard Strauss; you are the voice of Jessye Norman. How you ever completed issues 47 and 48 can only be a triumph of the human spirit. Thank you. E.L./New York

If the foregoing isn't beautifully articulate, then oranges don't grow in Florida. PHC

A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION THAT REALLY PAID OFF

Enclosed you will find a traveller's check for U.S. $100 to renew my subscription for a year. Hope you can send me also the special issue from May 92. The rest of the money you can use for a gift subscription so we can make someone happy with it. The last time I did that, the man in question wrote me a thank-you card, and a couple of month's later he wrote that he had found a friend via CR. Great news, I think! So maybe this time it will work out again? So, dear Mr. Colley and THE FRIAR, keep on with the good work and I wish you both the very best. H.J./Holland

MORE ON JAPANESE BATH HOUSES

To our regret, it is true that most of Japan's gay bath houses do not permit foreigners to enter (FORUM, #47 & 48). I don't know why this stupid policy is still going on in this civilized country. It absolutely does not make any sense in preventing the plague from spreading, and all Japanese bath house owners should realize it. My guess is that owners are afraid of police prosecution for being too wild if frequented by many foreigners. (I don't mean that foreigners/Westerners are sexually immoral; it's just that their presence is conspicuous in this single-race nation.) And the police might think it suspicious if the bath house became prosperous with many foreigners. In the meantime, there is only one bath house in Asakusa area in Tokyo which does not ban foreigners. Actually, the bathhouse is frequented by Westerners who reside in Tokyo. TOSHI/Japan

TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS AND THREESOMES

I re-read the FORUM in #48 this morning and noted that A.P./The Northwest wrote about his successful threesome relationship. I would like to share my experience with him (and all those who are in a similar situation and the rest who are interested). I guess mine is another successful one, although, in my case, the age difference isn't as great as A.P.'s. Now I am 52 and an Oriental; Bob (71) and Dick (72) are Anglo and have been together for almost 45 years. Our present relationship started in 1983 and we share most everything with each other—yes, even the same bed. Two people (be it male/female, male/male or female/female) living together is difficult enough to begin with, but imagine three different individuals sharing the same household! At times in the past when difficulties arose, I doubted if any effort was worthwhile to keep going as a threesome. However, we were willing to talk about and discuss our problems, to explore new ways to solve them. First, there were the difficulties arising as the result of personality (and culture, even though I have been in this country since 1965) differences: For years, it seemed that we were hopeless to overcome this, but along came Transactional Analysis! In the beginning, I thought, "Oh, no. I don't need any help from a psychologist or psychiatrist!" But no, T/A isn't psychoanalysis. It's a method of self-understanding and self-discovery. (I am not going into the details of T/A here, though it isn't a difficult task, but it would take up too much space to explain effectively.) A skeptic like myself would be amazed at how T/A improves interpersonal relationships in general. Secondly, there were difficulties arising as the result of jealousy. In a threesome situation with age disparity, the older ones are constantly jealous of the younger one's attention—in or outside the bedroom. I don't have much advice to offer except, again, the help of T/A. As the man-in-the-middle, I know how difficult it is to please two other people at the same time in our daily living. But, Bob and Dick resolve things themselves with the help of T/A. We are accepted as a "unit" in most situations—straight or otherwise—except for one or two individuals. (One of them is a gay Catholic who continues to ignore my presence because he has known Bob and Dick as a couple for many, many years. For example, he writes "To Bob and Dick" on Christmas cards, even though we all are invited to his house for parties.) We briefly knew of one other threesome here in town, but shortly after we got to know each other, the "middle" one died of cancer. How prevalent is gay threesomes out there? We would like to find out! HONG-KONG BORN/San Diego

CR IS NOT A FETISH MAGAZINE

Until today I had never heard of CR. A young (39) friend of mine bought a copy for me since he knows that my preference is for older men. This has always been the case with me; when I was in my 20s I used to joke that if I live to be eighty I will be running after men in their hundreds. Well, I'm now 58 and while I can admire a good-looking man of any age, it is the older ones who excite me. Having read one issue (albeit every word) hardly makes me an expert where your magazine is concerned. But I am ready to go on record as stating that it is not a fetish magazine in the same way that other publications are. Instead I sense an intense understanding of age and that we, as older men, continue to be who we were with the same needs and the same desires. Maybe more so. And being attracted to older men does not, I think, come under the same "fetish" heading, as, say, underwear or rubber. Which is not to say that I am less kinky than I was thirty or forty years ago. That aspect of my life has not diminished at all. And I would love to prove that to CARL (page 2, #47) if I had the chance. So keep up the good work and know that in the future I will turn to you before I turn to AARP. C.L./Denver

THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

I too have waited for many years for a magazine of this calibre. Like you (IN CLOSING #48), I have collected magazines for a long time, and when I would find a picture of a mature man in any of them, I would cut it out and paste it in a scrap book. They were few and far between, I might add. I am now a senior citizen of 57 and have a lover of almost 67. We have been together for almost 29 wonderful years. I appreciate the way you handled my request for three of your back issues. The way they were packaged and shipped impressed me. Even though I was not a subscriber, you treated me as though I was a long timer. I am now subscribing and will continue . . . for I have found the Yellow Brick Road. M.D. and D.S./Florida

BREAKING DOWN THE LANGUAGE BARRIERS

Please send me *Knowing Saturn* Special Issue #49. Again, I expect a very special issue. Thanks to you, I now have a friend (heavy-set and cute man). So, I like your magazine even more. But where are the men who speak Japanese? Y.K./Japan

ANOTHER MASTERPIECE FROM OUR FAVORITE DUTCH-AUSTRALIAN

Phew! Delighted to hear that I am "safe" until '93, as I could not do without CR. As, by now you will know, I have written JACOB and was delighted that you wrote that he is "into music." Told him that he should not get "sexcited" as I was not what he wanted in that department. I grew up with painters, singers, and they could not care less that I "took it up the ass"! Because of having known so many singers, etc., I am not in awe of JACOB's credentials. I still have quite a few opera singer friends as well go "chat chat chat" with musicologists! Let's hope JACOB will answer. I do think, after what you said, that we could have a good rapport. Was utterly delighted with the result of my very unflattering photo (#47), but it probably was the one that would copy the best. The best response was from a 68-year-old black man who thinks that I am good looking! I told him to go instantly to an eye specialist! He is an ex-nurse and I am a medical technician with a nursing certificate as well as a diploma in social work. So there again, there is much to "talk" about. I should write a letter to FORUM as no doubt there are many guys that are more than reluctant to have their photo in CR. There is a wonderful Dutch saying that sadly does not translate well, and I don't know the English equivalent. It more-or-less says, "For every pot, there is a lid." How true! I can well understand that there are many older guys that find it difficult to "come out." I never had that problem, either with parents or with jobs. I was never a ranting screaming queen. I was a MALE that happened to like his own sex. My previous boss LOATHED poofters. That was his stiff shit! He did not mind the two rather butch lesbians—after all, they have tits and fannies! (Oops! You call a "fanny" an ass, we call a *cunt* a "fanny"!) He almost vomited having to talk to me. There was nothing he could do about that because I was/am good at my job. We have very specific job specifications, and, yes, I was careful to stay within those lines. For me, it was a pleasure to see HIM suffer. I wasn't about to. Once more, thank you for letting me know that I am not in the red. Our wonderful Indian Summer that lasted 6 weeks has ended and Fall is really here with a vengeance. Instantly I have developed a cold, and NO, I did not go "flashing" in the wet. In this exceptionally sedate section of Australia, the one and only thing that you can flash is a gum tree! JOHN OF AUSTRALIA

Somehow we think that JACOB will like JOA in many ways. "Hello, Quantas? Do you have any seats available on your next flight to . . . " PHC

IN PRAISE OF OUR PERSONAL ADS

After someone sent me a copy of CR and with a certain amount of trepidation, I subscribed and submitted an ad. I didn't have too much faith since I had taken a couple of ads in another mag from Southern California. But three days after publication in #48 I started receiving replies at the rate of two a day, and it continues to this day. I don't know why two is the magic number, but there it remains. I have even received correspondence from Europe! I am now a staunch supporter of your mag. Life is difficult, boring and lonely in Northern California, but thanks to CR I have now a lot of new pals and pen pals. I have had telephone conversations with friends all across the nation. So far: NY, MO, MI, NC, SC, NJ, TX, NM, OR and, of course, all over CA. Florida looks very promising and may develop into a great relationship. Some of the pictures I received are very exciting and you just can't believe how many beautiful people are out there searching. And you guys are doing everything you can to help them. In my ad I said that I would answer all and to date my correspondence is pretty well up-to-date. I have even found that some I have told (with compassion) that I am not interested write back and hope if nothing more to become pen-pals. By the way, why don't you publish your phone number? You aren't listed in information. K.S./Northern California

We readily offer our telephone/fax number on all correspondence, but are not prepared to publish it for the following reasons: 1) It's a home phone, not a business phone. We work out of our home. 2) Since we do not accept charge card payments, few business transactions can be accomplished by telephone. To insure accuracy, the majority of our business transactions are conducted by mail. 3) When we published our telephone number in the past, we were deluged by crank and jackoff calls at all hours of the day and night. We received virtually no business calls. 4) Since the volume of calls we field now is considerable, any further increase could seriously disrupt our ability to maintain publishing deadlines. In the future, after we have added on to our staff, we will have a publicized 800 "hot line" installed for business and personal assistance purposes only. PHC

WHEN HEARTS BREAK

I have finally gotten up enough nerve to write to you. I was given a copy of CR by a friend who hoped I would be able to replace my lover of long standing. My ex is young (32), masculine, muscular, beautiful, 5'-7" tall, 152#, 29" waist, dark hair and eyes . . . and not around any more. After six and a half years of love, great sex, and all else I could give him, on March first he told me he had been searching and had finally found somebody new . . . and our affair was over. He says he still loves me, but in a different way. I immediately went into a deep depression. At 67 and heavy (just what he loves), I didn't feel I had much chance at a new love. In the last month and a half, I have had two minor heart attacks (brought on by depression) and have destroyed one upper chamber of my heart. I have started an anticoagulant program that will last all my life. But this only after I had eye surgery on March 23rd and again on April 27th. And I still have two more to go. As you can imagine, this has left me in pretty bad financial shape, so instead of sending for a subscription or an ad, I am forced to settle for any copies my friend in New York sends me. As soon as I get on my feet financially and mentally, I will subscribe. Until then, good luck and keep the faith. STARTING OVER/Michigan

Need I tell you how these two mother hens reacted to the foregoing letter? Read his second letter. PHC

I would like to thank you for a very prompt and concerned reply to my rambling letter. Surprise and pleasure is the only way to react. I really didn't expect a reply at all. Just goes to show there are people out there who do care about people. My doctor and I have decided on a course of treatment to rid me of the depression in due time. The last eye operation was a rousing success, and I hope the next two will be the same. The heart has permanent damage, but I can live with that as long as I stay on my medication. Deep down inside I know life is not over at 67 or any other arbitrary number of years. My father lived to be 90, and my grandfather made it to 101, so I have a long way to go. What I need is some honest, true and lasting love to make the trip interesting and worthwhile. I think I have a vast storehouse of love, knowledge, and experience to share with someone who wants to share what is left of my life. I refuse to be negative or vindictive about my ex. I still love him. It took time to build the love and I can't shut it off like a faucet. We will have to work that out between ourselves. I will send a note to the wonderful subscriber who provided me a free subscription, thanking him for a kindness to a stranger, which is the truest, most unselfish form of friendship that can be shared by mankind. My best to you. STARTING OVER/Michigan

I've been retired for over two years now and am beginning to enjoy myself. I had a setback earlier in the year, however, when my latest lover's cancer (which he thought he had beaten) returned. He lasted only about a month after that. He was married, so I wasn't able to visit without his family questioning our relationship. I was able to talk to him on the phone while he was strong enough, but after that he couldn't answer the phone. I will always remember him for all of the good times we had together. He was a World War II vet and was 72 when he passed away. I enjoyed your last issue immensely and every issue is getting better. Keep up the good work. Hope I can get the courage to write a few of your models. Love you both. H.C./ Southern California

Reading about Dan (IN CLOSING, #48) almost losing his lover caused some thoughts to emerge from my past. My partner, however, had a heart attack and died in my arms. That moment will be with me forever. It all happened in Salt Lake City about ten years ago. A few of my friends were affiliated with The Church of Religious Science. They were presenting a talent show, and at their urging, I reluctantly decided to attend. Growing up in Utah left me with a disdain for organized religion; therefore, I proceeded with caution. My feelings soon dissipated after meeting the minister. (I can sometimes become easily distracted.) He had a presence that I had never before witnessed. When he spoke to an audience, it was as if he was speaking directly to you. I started attending services and couldn't wait for Sundays. One cold, dark winter morning I boarded a bus for work. There he was, sitting toward the back. Great! Just the two of us, instead of the usual distractions from church members. We immediately engaged in conversation, and as we passed a restaurant his eyes lit up. He took the opportunity to invite me to dinner. After about the third date, we finally exchanged intimate feelings. Our beautiful and loving relationship was short-lived. I met him in September and he died in March, one week prior to his sixty-fourth birthday. Yes, it was brief, but I got to experience what it was like to be in love. The richness of our relationship was what poets write about and what writers extoll in their works. When he died it felt like a piece of me had been carved away. The immediate feeling was: how can I go on with my life? I was *so* fortunate to have friends at my side. The kind of friends that hold you at three in the morning, just when you think the edge is near. Dan is fortunate to have friends like you, to help mitigate difficult times. It's obvious that Dan is a strong individual, but a friend can surely ease the pain. Besides the obvious that CR accomplishes on the surface, the deeper layer can't go unnoticed. This brotherhood is so important to all of us. Thanks! Love, Clancy/ Northern California

We met Clancy at a party at PAPA BEAR's last year. He's a tall, lanky, good-looking young man with sparkling eyes that expose a kind soul. We had no idea that he'd suffered such a tragic loss. PHC

WE'RE EVERYWHERE! WE'RE EVERYWHERE!

During an all-night drive back east from the Rockies (skiing), my brother and I stopped for gas and paid a visit to a 24-hour bookstore across the road. This particular store carries a wide variety of materials to appeal to all preferences. I looked through the all-male section with all the same-old same-old that has never interested me when the cover of CR's issue #47 caught my eye. When I removed it from the rack and looked at the back cover, my brain imploded! It wouldn't have mattered if the issue had been $59.95—it was MINE! As you have guessed, I flipped for WALTER MITTY. Could it be that I had finally found a magazine that would appeal to my life-long desire for the mature male? I knew that specialty mags probably existed in stores in the Village or San Francisco, but I live in rural upstate New York. So my chances for satisfaction were slim. Thanks for being there!! MERCUTIO/New York

A JOHN MCNEILL FAN

I have been an admirer of mature males since I was thirteen. I am now forty-two. I tried everything I could think of to find a publication like yours, asking every mature male I encountered, newsstand operators, other publications. I'd finally reconciled myself to the fact that what I wanted did not exist. The publication my friend gave me was the sixth anniversary edition, and I was very much taken by the photos of THE BANKER, BIG BILL and INDIANA HOOSIER. However, I was more impressed with JOHN MCNEILL. I am a student of theology (BA Degree) and it was exciting to see someone as active with spreading the news of the relationship every one of God's children can have. I have read both of John's books, and they have been a real challenge for me. I would highly recommend them to everyone. While I am not totally in the closet, I am not quite ready to throw the door open and jump out. I will be buying the next issue from the newsstand. If it is half as good as this one, I will be a subscriber the next day, and from now on. Who knows? Someday, I may even be a model! Sincerely, SHY FOR NOW/ Houston

IT HAPPENED IN BRUSSELS

"Excuse me, but . . . aren't you . . . ?" asked this guy in the sauna in Brussels recently. He had in his hands the CR issue of October, 1991 (#44), with my picture on page 30. What a lovely surprise! In ten minutes, the sauna was in effervescence, with a lot of chaps—some very nice with their white hair—wanting to see and sometimes touch the model. Thanks again, dear

friends, for this "involuntary" publicity, and for the last issue, where I found two so lovely, horribly handsome guys: BIG "D" and TOUGH OLD BIRD. I immediately decided to come visit California next December for the first time in my life. How nice! I am over excited by the prospect of meeting nice men between the ages of 55 and 122-1/2, with no beard and no 'stache. I live in Paris, where I can host when my roommate (friend . . . no more) is gone half the week. Dear friends of California: lovely, handsome, naughty guys. I love you. Be not wise, please, but very careful. JEAN-MARIE/Paris

Although he didn't say, I'll bet the sauna was "Le Dinant," a must-see for anyone who likes older and big men. I had a great time there in 1984. A wise Californian generally fitting the above descriptions would do well to write JEAN-MARIE and invite him to visit during his December trip. PHC

MATCHES MADE IN HEAVEN

Hello, you wonderful men! Oh, boy, is this issue great! Thanks, thanks. I love it. I have an incredible relationship now. Will be a youthful 70 in September 92 and feel 29. My beautiful lover is Vietnamese, age 30—a virgin when we met six months ago. It was terrible sex for two weeks, but now he's wonderful. He'd wanted an American senior all his life. Maybe I'm "Dad," as his father died when he was three. He can't do enough for me—what an attitude! Now he has another semester in college. I love KRB's story, but instead of a sip of the fountain of youth, I'm drinking from the fountain daily. It's heaven. Thanks. C.R./Texas

I am 27 and a college graduate. I have been attracted to men over 50 all my life, but was very sheltered and naive and didn't realize the truth about myself until I was 21. Hard to believe, huh? I thought that I had no hope of meeting and becoming involved with the type I am attracted to until I found your magazine in Category Six Books in Denver. It was through your magazine that I met the love of my life. I wrote Fran and he answered my letter. After a few telephone conversations, we met at the Oklahoma Gay Rodeo. We hit it off immediately, and our relationship has been growing ever since. I (and my dog) have moved in with him and things are going very well for us. We both appreciate you very much for making this possible. I have a request and a bit of constructive criticism. First the criticism: Up to this point you have been very good about not doing this, but in your last issue (#48) you split up an article and continued it after a lot of other stuff. This is a pet peeve of mine. Some magazines use it as a device to get one to read everything, including the ads, but in my opinion it only frustrates the reader, especially when the "go to" number is wrong, or the rest of the article is completely missing. Besides, your magazine is read cover-to-cover anyway. Please don't do it in the future. Now for the request: Since Fran and I are living together in a permanent arrangement, we no longer need two copies of each issue. We would appreciate it if you would cancel one of our subscriptions and apply the remainder to the other. I am also enclosing a renewal so we can get the upcoming *Knowing Saturn* Special Issue. Again, thank you for what you have done for us and everyone else who reads your magazine. Keep up the good work and don't ever change. Mark & Fran/Kansas

Splitting an article in CR is hardly "a device to get one to read everything." The laying out of CR is one of the most difficult tasks we face. If an article or fiction piece ends at the bottom of a page . . . hoorah! If it doesn't, we try to find something to fill up the page. If that fails, we continue the piece to where it does fit. We wish to remind other new couples that we will not be the least bit offended if you merge subscriptions. We expect you to. PHC

A MESSAGE FROM A REVERED ELDER

I wanted you to know that I have heard from P.S. of Hawaii after writing him to thank him for financing the renewal to my subscription. Hopefully the correspondence will continue. I am going to write to the Near Death Experience Study (ANNOUNCEMENTS, page 16, Issue #48) for they are interested in a subject that I feel is very important, especially to those who have AIDS. These fellows face a future of not knowing what lies ahead after "life" stops. Although I have not had an NDE, I have had an out-of-body experience (OBE), and I have believed in the continuation life after so-called death since I was in high school. I am now 89 years old and believe that if those with AIDS could only realize that "life" doesn't end at so-called "death" but continues on, they would not have any fear. "Life" of the body and the change called "death" is something we do not give much thought to, but those with AIDS could pass over with serenity if they could only believe that life will continue and that a celebration of reunion with those who have gone before awaits them. I don't mean to dwell on this, but I thought you might be interested in knowing how one of your readers feels. But the main thing was to let you know that P.S./Hawaii has made contact, and I thank you for helping to make it possible. Cordially, J.M./New York State

J.M./NYState wonders if he is our oldest subscriber at 89, but I'm happy to say that we have older readers who are still quite healthy and leading productive lives. I agree with J.M. that the subject of death be positively addressed. See GENE WAGNER's essay, "An Asian View of Death and Dying" in this issue.

HELP!

I've been subscribing to your SWAN/CR magazine since I first read that a magazine for mature men was available. From your humble beginnings to the issues you have today, it's truly inspired. All of you have done a monumental job of actually making older guys come alive! I've never had any problems about mature men—they've always been my favorites. Now that I'm 66, it's a shock and a pleasure to realize I have become my own type. The only problem I have now is that younger guys are coming on to me! One case is a really good-looking blond kid of about 18-20 who kept pushing himself on to me all the time in our local gay theatre. Finally, in desperation, I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Look, I like my men fat and old." He looked up at me and said, "Yeah, me, too! Help!" Love, J.T./New York

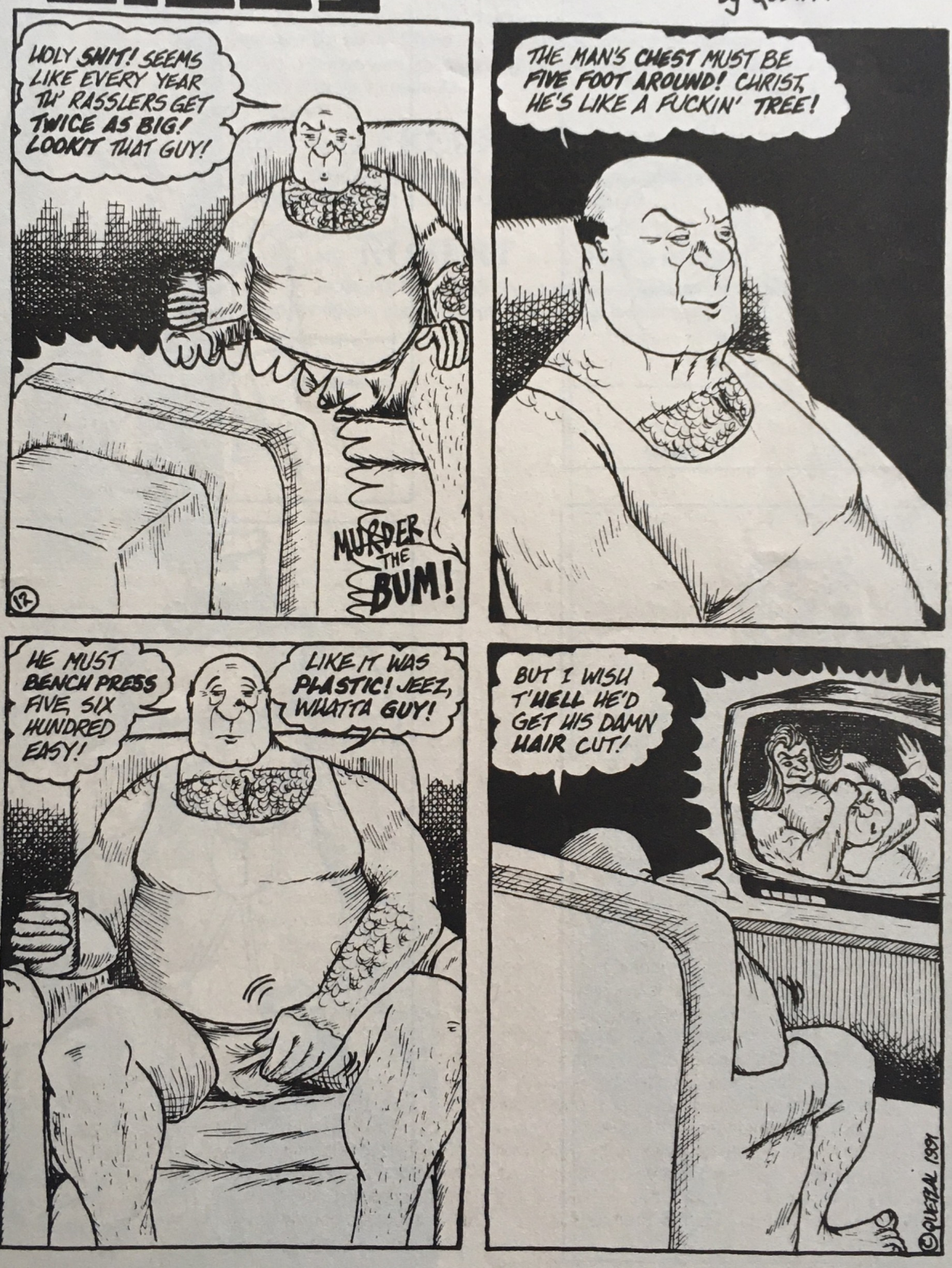
THE RUSSIAN RIVER PARTY

I heard a rumor that CR threw a party to end all parties up at the Russian River resort area north of San Francisco. I understand that only models and photographers and a few others were invited and that there will be another one next year, maybe on the east coast. Enclosed is a photo taken of me last year. If this is how models get rewarded, I'm ready to bare my wares. I'm not getting any younger. P.V./New York

Read all about it in this issue. PHC

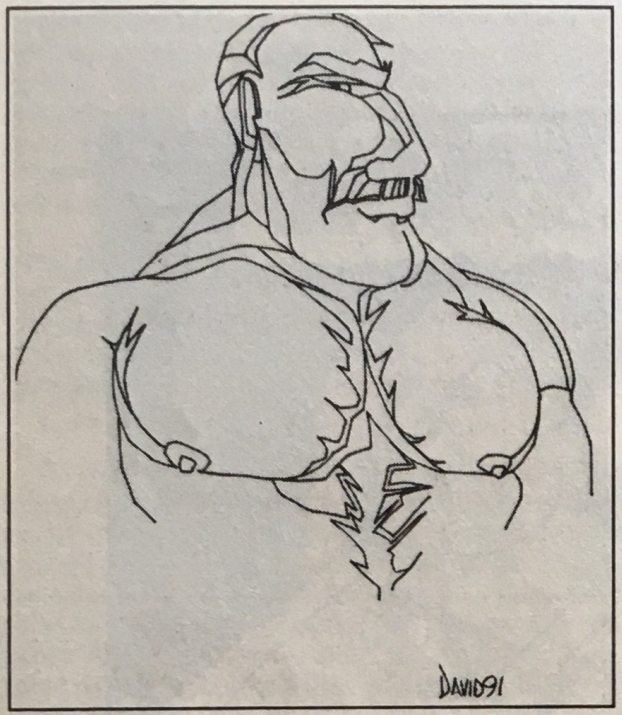
COACH BIGGS

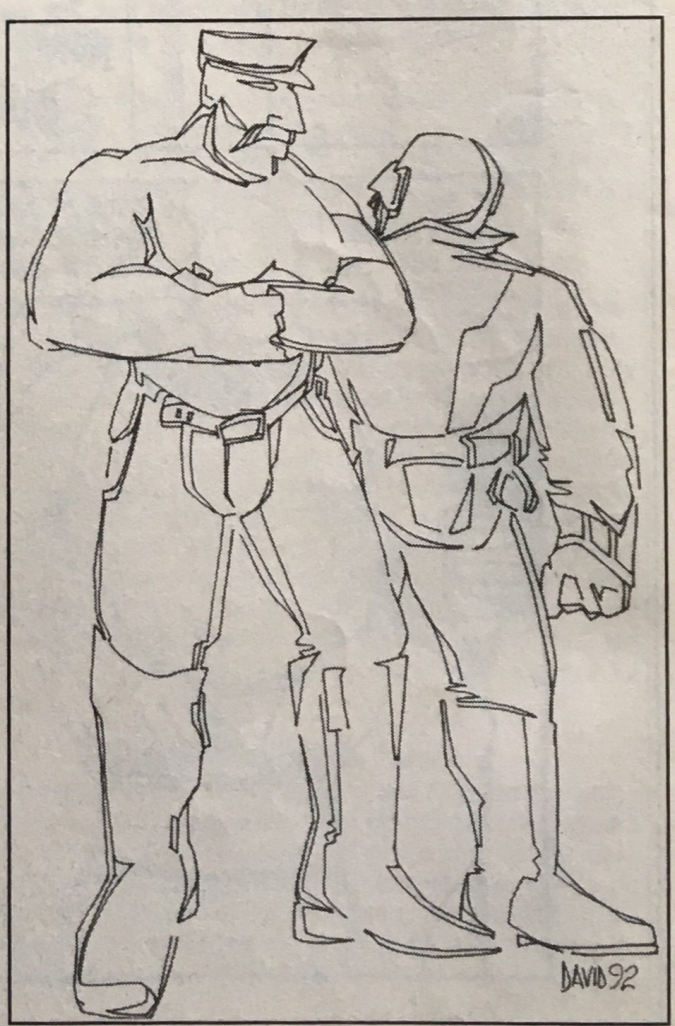
by QUETZAL


HOLY SHIT! SEEMS LIKE EVERY YEAR TH' RASSLERS GET TWICE AS BIG! LOOKIT THAT GUY!
MURDER THE BUM!
THE MAN'S CHEST MUST BE FIVE FOOT AROUND! CHRIST, HE'S LIKE A FUCKIN' TREE!
HE MUST BENCH PRESS FIVE, SIX HUNDRED EASY!
LIKE IT WAS PLASTIC! JEEZ, WHATTA GUY!
BUT I WISH T'HELL HE'D GET HIS DAMN HAIR CUT!
©QUETZAL 1991

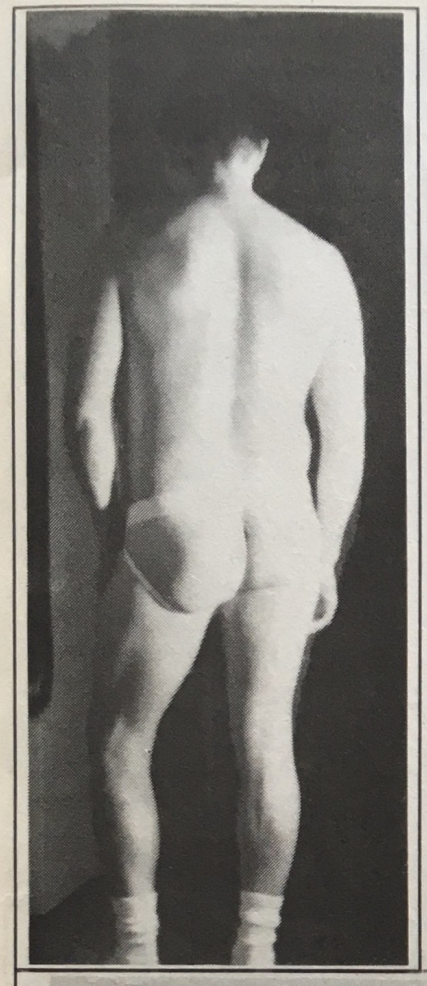
QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID





DAVID is 36, single and a native of Houston, Texas. Obviously, he finds older, muscular men interesting. He's looking to give up his 15-year career to do artwork full time.



SPECIAL REQUESTS FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE

For those of you who requested more ass shots and more thin guys, this page is for you!

(Left): **ABE . . . a self portrait**

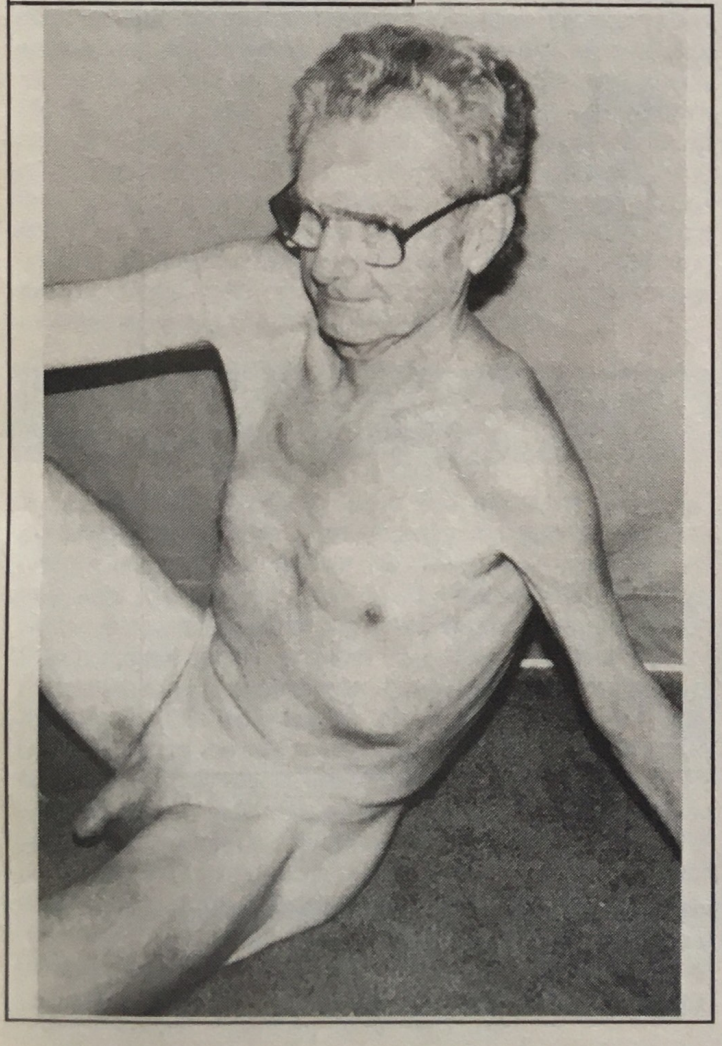
ABE, who lives in Washington, DC, has a message for all you sexy, masculine daddies out there: "Send me your photos. You're the greatest inspiration and just plainly great. I'm muscular, masculine, 5'-5", 149#, black hair, brown eyes with mustache." See ABE's artwork on page 23.

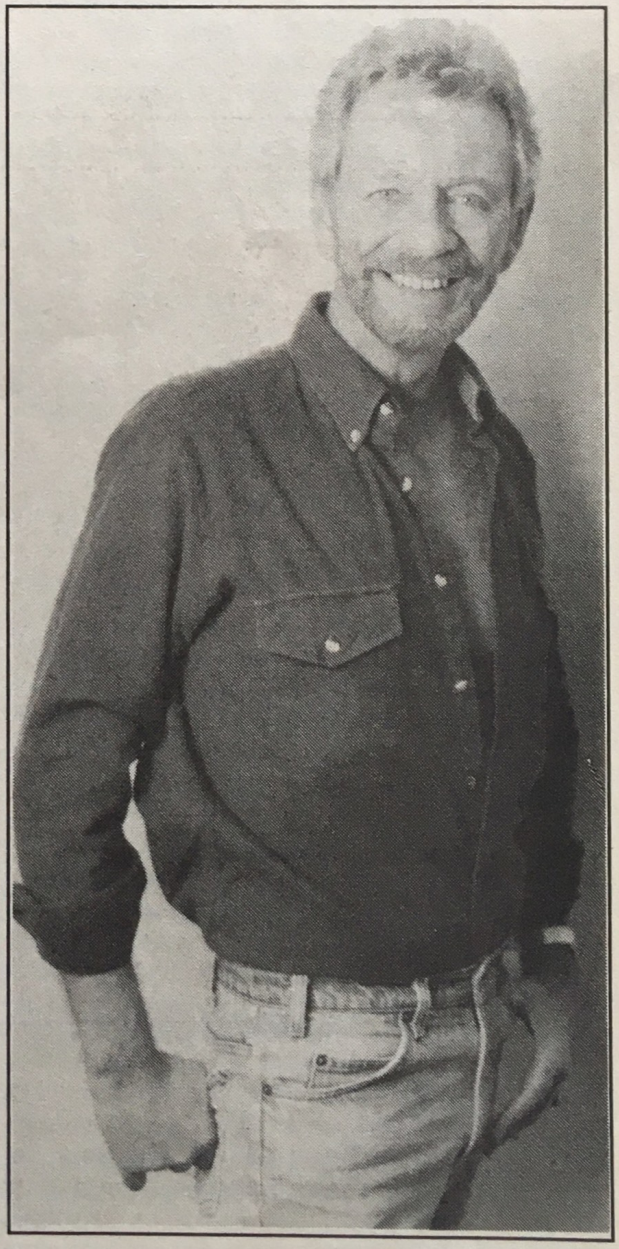
(Lower Right): **FREDRICK . . . photo by Ed Jacobs**

FREDRICK is 49, 6'-2", 174# and lives in Boston. He seeks a very masculine, in-charge top man for a one-to-one relationship.

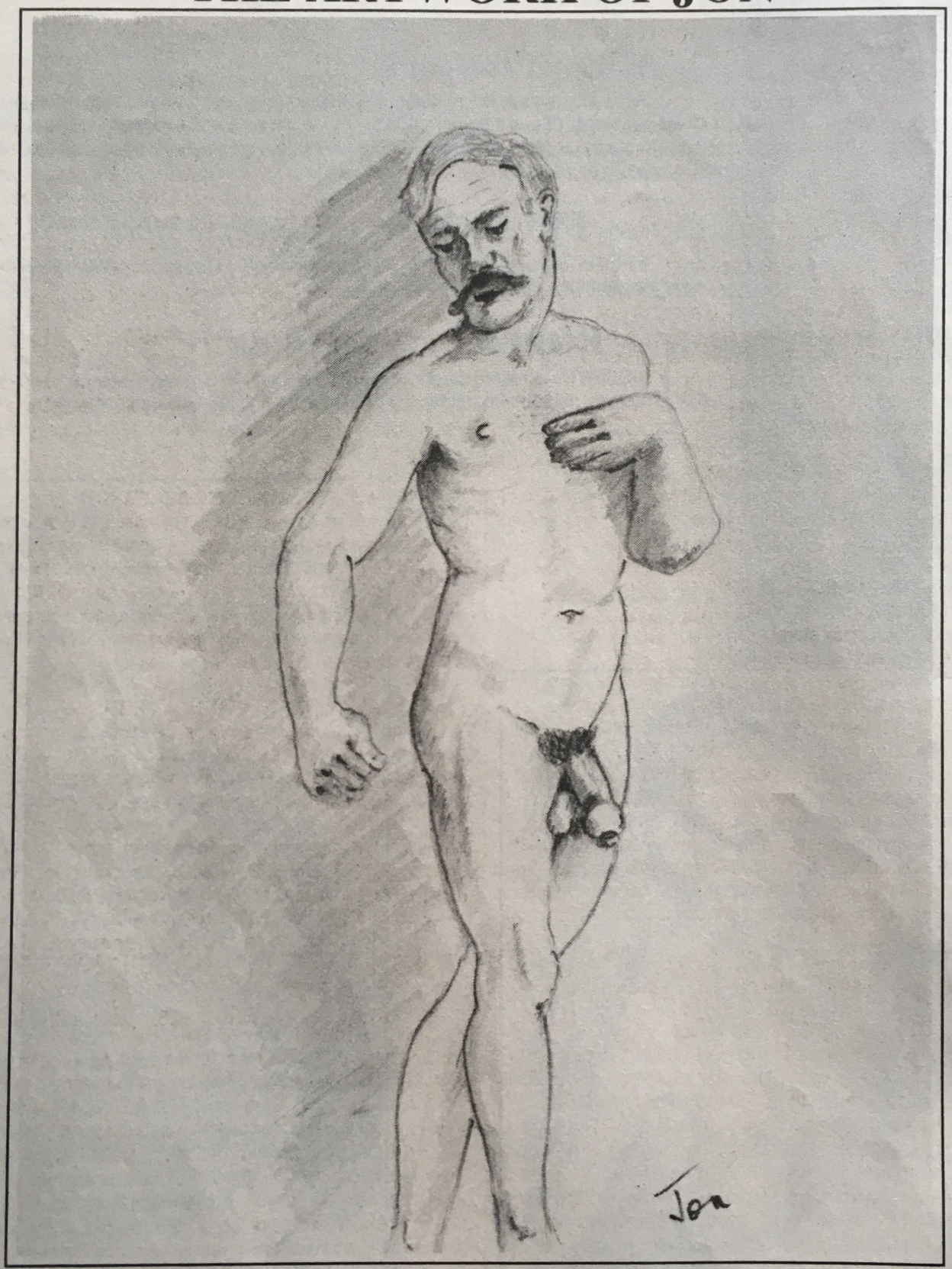
(Lower Left): **ROBERT . . . a self portrait**

ROBERT is a retired corporate treasurer living in Southern California. He's interested in nudism, nude photography, talking, touching and spiritual/erotic massage.





THE ARTWORK OF JON



JON is interested in all art subjects. He loves to receive and reply to all correspondence and meet like-minded where possible. He's also a very popular model and lives in England.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

JUST WHEN THINGS WERE GOING GREAT

We'd just got Issue #48 out on the street with great news about *BLK* Magazine (ANNOUNCEMENTS, page 15) when the bottom fell out. *BLK* publisher and editor, Alan Bell, was seriously injured in an automobile accident near Oceanside, California on the morning of April 12th. Bell sustained multiple abrasions and broken bones when his car was struck head on by a vehicle which had swerved into oncoming traffic. Doctors expect Bell to undergo a lengthy period of rehabilitation. In addition to suffering a concussion, contusions and heavy loss of blood, his arm and leg were broken and both ankles required insertion of metal pins. Publication of *BLK* Magazine will be suspended until a new editor can be found to replace Bell, who had been doubling as both publisher and editor. *BLK*, America's most widely circulated black gay and lesbian magazine, had recently enlarged, gone glossy and moved to paid newsstand sales. Bell began *BLK* alone as a desktop throwaway in 1988. We wish Bell a speedy recovery.

THE ARTIST AS PHILANTHROPIST

CR artist DAVID wishes to announce that his original artwork is now for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Please address all inquiries to: P.O. Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

A CHANGE IN POLICY FOR PERSONAL ADS

In order for CR to appeal to a wider audience and get accepted into the larger chain book stores, we must refrain from publishing personal ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than attracting a partner. There are other ways to describe even the kinkiest of sexual acts, and we urge our advertisers to be creative. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads. Granted, readers will still see sexually explicit words in some of our fiction, and may even charge us with using a double standard. Please understand, therefore, that, depending upon its overall content, graphically explicit fiction can be classified either as porn or erotic literature, the latter of which is our standard. Explicitly sexual ads, however, have no artistic merit in the eyes of those who make the decision on whether or not CR graces their bookshelves.

WHY DIDN'T I GET #49?

Several subscribers took us to task for not sending them #49. But upon checking their subscriptions, we found that they had not made arrangements to get it. Please refer to pages 15, 40 and 53 of Issue #48, wherein we carefully explained how to upgrade your subscriptions to receive Issues 49 and 53 for an outrageously low $10. But some of you didn't read it, did you? If you want #49 now, you must buy it separately as a back issue. In order to get #53 and the future special issues automatically, you must renew your subscriptions at the 8-issue (or 4-issue) rate. I'll bet that many of the guys who didn't read pages 15, 40 and 53 of Issue #48 don't read this either.

FREE BACK ISSUES

In order to get rid of some surplus back issues to make room for our current monstrous press runs, we now offer certain issues for just the cost of postage and envelopes. The magazines are FREE. See order form in back for details. Offer good worldwide.

ALL ABOUT BELGIUM

If you want to know all about the gay scene in Belgium, send 5 IR (International response) coupons and a photo of yourself to: BONI COOL, P.O. BOX 54, 1700 DILBEEK, BELGIUM. Boni is one of our subscribers and will be featured as a model soon. We have seen the portfolio he will be sending out and assure you that it contains a wealth of information that will help you have a good time during your visit.

AND SPEAKING OF BELGIUM . . . EBMC 92 IS COMING!

The European Big Men's Convention this year promises to be a real winner. It will be held in Brussels from October 15th through 19th, 1992, and the registration fee includes all kinds of good stuff. There will be sauna parties, lots of meals, cocktail parties, dancing, guided tours, a swimming party, a giant barbecue and the opportunity to meet some of the hottest looking BEARS and BIG MEN in the universe. For more information, contact: Girth & Mirth-Belgium, B.P. 1514, B-6000 Charleroi-1, Belgium. Fax them at: +32. (0) 71-51.84.01 to save time, because the rates go up after August 15th.

HEALTH

PROSTATE CANCER

Pursuant to our article in Issue #44 (HEALTH, page 48), subscriber N.C. of Ohio wrote us a very informative letter which shares his experience with prostate cancer detection and treatment. He went to his internist for his six-month rectal finger wave test this past August and asked the doctor to give him the PSA (prostate-specific antigen) test, which checks for a blood protein that often elevates when cancer is present in the gland. After the results were known, his doctor called him into the office. Fearing the worst, he remained calm while his doctor explained that his results showed a level of 6.5 and that 0 to 4 was considered safe. His doctor went on to say that he was almost positive from the finger wave that there was no cancer, but he sent N.C. to a urologist just to be sure. The urologist also did a finger wave and advised that a PSA of 6.5 was considered "borderline." Nevertheless, the specialist felt it wise to do an ultrasound, which involved inserting a scope through the rectum to the area of the prostate gland and watching the ultrasound images on a monitor. The sophisticated probe also painlessly excised two tissue samples from the prostate for analysis. Two days later, N.C. was advised that the test did reveal a malignancy, but that it was a very small spot. Of course, the urologist had to make sure that the malignancy had not spread, so N.C. went through additional testing, including a CAT scan and bone scans. Upon determining that the malignancy had not spread to the bones (one of the primary destinations of spreading prostate cancer) and upon consultation with a radiologist, it was decided that no radiation treatments be undertaken. Instead, the urologist opted for another PSA test in six months. That test revealed a PSA level of 3.7, considerably down from the previous 6.5. Since prostate cancer can be one of the slowest growing of all malignancies, N.C.'s doctors felt it best not to treat it, that N.C.'s cancer would probably remain contained. Of course, he will still have to have occasional PSA and finger wave tests just to be on the safe side. N.C. reminds us that this problem is not confined to a minor segment of the population.

"Around here, there are dozens of guys who have a problem of this nature," he says. "Some are at the stage where it is treatable through radiation. Others have had to undergo surgery. Men our age must be reminded that early detection by the finger wave only is not enough. Older men should also have the PSA test." Remember, prostate cancer is the second leading cancer killer of men, and The American Cancer Society is considering recommending that all men over age 50 get the PSA blood test annually.

ENHANCED EXTERNAL COUNTERPULSATION

A new medical technique could simplify heart disease treatment. Rather than having their arteries catheterized or bypassed, some pioneering heart patients are undergoing 36 hour-long sessions strapped into a garment that works like a massive, pulsating blood-pressure cuff, which forces blood from the legs and hips into the chest. No one seems to know how the treatment works or how long the effects last, but researchers at the Health Sciences Center in Stony Brook, New York have recently indicated that EEC can succeed where more costly and invasive treatments fail. If more comprehensive trials confirm the initial findings, cardiology may never be the same again. Dr. Harry Soroff, a cardiologist at Stony Brook, conceived the counterpulsation technique 30 years ago at Harvard. Through the generations thereafter, he and colleagues designed several versions of the pulsating leg cuffs but their early models didn't have the power and exact timing required. Overshadowed by the dramatic, money-making innovations such as bypass surgery and balloon angioplasty, counterpulsation slipped into an abyss in the U.S. Not so in China, however, where doctors kept refining the technique. In 1986, Dr. Soroff found that one researcher, Dr. Zhen Sheng Zheng, had developed a more sophisticated device, so he invited Zhen to set one up at Stony Brook. Two years ago, with Zhen's help, Soroff and his group started treating patients with encouraging results. Of course, the medical establishment is not recommending EEC as an alternative to surgery. Instead they recommend it as a "last resort for people who have exhausted other therapies" (which is strange since heart function in 12 of the 18 people in Dr. Soroff's trials returned to normal and all 18 reported that they felt better). God forbid that the windfall due to open heart surgery and balloon angioplasty comes to an end. We now think that perhaps our article in Issue #50 (HEALTH, page 13) wasn't so controversial after all.

WHAT'S THE BEST TIME TO EXERCISE?

According to Harvey Simon, a physician at the Harvard Cardiovascular Health Center, both heart attacks and sudden cardiac death are most common between 7 and 11 A.M. There is no evidence, however that exercise is any more hazardous during these hours than at other times. Quite a few studies show that regular aerobic exercise lowers high blood pressure, lowers cholesterol levels, and reduces the risk of heart attack. Granted, exercise can precipitate heart problems, but sudden death due to heart attack or arrhythmia is 60% less likely in people who exercise regularly than in sedentary people. Some rules to follow: 1) Obtain clearance from your doctor before starting an exercise program. 2) Exercise on an empty stomach. 3) Warm up gradually and cool down gradually afterward. 4) Choose an exercise that matches your health level, and make sure you keep your intensity in the moderate, aerobic range. 5) Listen to your body and report any symptoms to your doctor. 6) If you are wary of exercising in the morning, do it in the afternoon, two hours before dinner.

SLEEP APNEA . . . REVISITED

You can't imagine how much feedback we've received from our various articles on Sleep Apnea and how gratified we are that they were of such help to so many. One of the most frightening things about the disease is how so many family doctors dismiss it as bull shit out of ignorance. What follows is the latest testament from model/photographer COURT JESTER about his lifemate, WARLOCK (our very first color cover model):

"While on our recent trip to Australia, WARLOCK gave me a medical fiction book to read. A part of the novel was devoted to medicine, etc., and went into much detail on sleep apnea. After your articles, I had been talking to W about it, trying to get him to get tested. No luck. I made him re-read the novel part, and then when we got home, I made him re-read the CR articles and insisted that he go to our family doctor. The doctor sort of poo-pooed my concern but agreed to send W to a specialist to be tested. The results came back a few days later and showed that W had stopped breathing 278 times during a six-hour period. The doctor said that he was probably not sleeping more than 1-1/2 hours a night. So now he is outfitted with a compression mask (Star Wars) for sleeping. He no longer snores and now finds that it is not necessary to crawl back in bed at 8:00 a.m. and sleep 'till noon. He's beginning to regain his energy, too. So, a great big THANK YOU to CR. It took awhile. Hugs to your both. COURT JESTER/San Antonio."

WHEN THE CARE-GIVER NEEDS CARE

How many times have we heard it? "I just figured the pain would go away sooner or later." At first I thought of placing the following letter in FORUM, then I thought it would be better in IN CLOSING. Now I know that it belongs here.

"As I finished gassing my car and in great anticipation of going to the Contributor's Gathering at PAPA BEAR's, I broke into the biggest sweat, pain in the chest, left arm. Was going to drive home for a bit of a lie-down, naw, drove to the hospital and you've guessed it by now. A blood clot in one of my arteries. Zapped with a new blood disolver, some morphine and forty minutes later into an ICU with more lines hooked to me than a Japanese trawler. Two days later, a Sunday, they shipped me up to Stanford Medical Center. Had angioplasty on Monday, back home last Thursday and have resumed normal routine. There was no other heart disease, no other arteries clogged. It was a relatively—if there is such a thing—minor heart attack. One good thing about it all, I've quit smoking. My lover of fourteen years continues to do well in his battle with AIDS. He is now into his fourth year of full-blown AIDS. Much of my time is spent in caring for him, though he is able to do most everything for himself. I fend off the stresses in his life as much as possible and let him lean fully on me. What an experience this is, and how much a better person I am for having this in my life. Please don't misunderstand. It is that this entire challenge has truly made me a more caring, compassionate man than I thought I could ever be. Amazing how we can rise to occasions. Our love for each other has never been deeper. Of course we wish AIDS was still a diet pill, but it has pulled us closer and opened our hearts and souls to one another as little else in life could have. We eagerly look forward to another fourteen years. CR Writer, E.A. AMOS/Monterey Bay Area

Essay by GENE WAGNER

AN ASIAN VIEW OF DEATH AND DYING

Death.

Traditional religions seem to know nothing of the process, and even less of what comes afterwards. But that does not mean there is no direct knowledge of an answer to "what happens?"

My experience *has* found answers, at least to my satisfaction, and I think what follows may just give you a new and different perspective, which may help you when the end is inevitable.

In my entire lifetime I have never been politically correct. I questioned the need for poverty; bias against African-Americans, Hispanics and Asians and why they were always called despicable names; why religions, each claiming the same "loving God," presented "him" as a vicious, totally paranoid schizophrenic; why differences in peoples were suspicious and probably "bad"; why people died and what happened to them when they did. I was always a "strange" child.

Now in 1992, at age 68, I'm still "strange." I rarely ask such questions any longer, for I've learned the answers. I would like to tell you the answer to the question, "What happens to us when we die, and what happens afterward?" but in order to do this I must put it in the context of my life and my searching experiences.

I was born and reared in the Midwest, where extreme right-wing beliefs are still extant; there was no place for my "strangeness." Without a belief in the possibility of previous lifetimes, my earliest memories are those of specific times, and they are as strong today as in my early years. So my questions, of course, came from an active imagination. There is only one problem with this. If you are alone and something happens to you which you remember at a later date, is your memory invalidated because it is outside the memory experience of someone else?

In my pre-teens and also in my teens, I sought solace in and answers from the various Christian cults then available to me. This was an eye-opener. Not only were their basic beliefs at odds with each other, they didn't even have the same god. It was abundantly clear that the Catholic god wasn't remotely related to the god of the Four Square Baptists. The Methodist god surely wouldn't even speak to the Baptist's. And the Calvinist god simply curdled everyone's gastric juices. These versions were of absolutely no help. "God" was everything from a neutral nothing to a horrific, vengeful, insane maniac . . . with supernatural powers.

So I tackled the Bible, both old and new testaments, cover to cover. Over the years I've done this six times. Even as a teen, I was unable to reconcile the inanities, the contradictions, the outright falsehoods I found. My personal Bible made it very clear that the world was created in 4002 BC, when already there was evidence dated in the millions of years. About this time, Christianity was troubled by the Old Testament, and they began to drop it for not reflecting the doctrines they wanted to promote. It had always before been promoted as the "word of God." I find it interesting that now, half of the "word of God" is no longer relevant.

So what was I left with? The King James version of the New Testament. But this presented a problem. England's King James didn't think much of the New Testament because it was in conflict with his beliefs, laws, and ability to reign. The answer? He had it rewritten to reflect his beliefs and politics, bringing the testament into "correct" alignment.

There I was, a hormone-ridden teenager trying to find some sort of stability I could hold on to. The ministers and priests were of no help. Their answers were unfailingly either didactic or specious. They were horrified that I'd found conflict in the "source," and forbade me to dare question such authority.

Again, I was back to square one. Obviously they didn't have answers; their moral injunctions certainly wouldn't do any harm, but they were not original either. I'd read of so-called savages whose moral codes were more strict. I had no option other than to develop my own code of beliefs, knowing that what I knew to be true was true for *me*. If others disagreed, and they often did, that was their tough luck, and I would continue with what I considered, then and now, to be valid beliefs. For me, no more adopting of spurious, untestable "faith."

Then came World War II and I was given the opportunity to escape the narrow restrictions of Midwestern thinking. I was thrown into the maelstrom of navy life. I quickly learned of other state's cultures, differing views and biases. I was particularly horrified by the penetration into the social fabric by what I deemed to be a pernicious, religiously-oriented view of "us and them." For four years I lived in a 30 X 15 feet wardroom aboard a ship. Among the ten of us living there was a 15-year-old kid who had been given the option by a judge of either going to reform school or into the navy. We got him. In Louisiana, he and six other kids were caddies at the local golf course. One of the six was black. One day the five white kids decided they should have the black kid's tips. He protested, of course, so the others poured gasoline on him and set him afire. According to the 15 year old brat we had to live with: "Hell, he was just a nigger; he couldn't feel it." Who created this monster?

In time the war ended and I entered college. My classmate was a nice Japanese fellow from Hawaii. He and I lived in mere cracker boxes, so we decided to pool our meager funds and get a larger cracker box. As I got to know more about him, I learned that his brother and father were both Buddhist priests. Inasmuch as I knew absolutely nothing about Buddhism, I requested that he ask his brother if there was any available book I might get to learn of the religion. Shortly thereafter, his brother kindly sent me a book, in English, which I immediately devoured.

I was stunned! After 24 years of frantically seeking answers, being rebuffed and being called the devil's advocate for the mere asking of questions, here in my hand were the answers to many of my questions. Furthermore, things I had come to conclude to be true in my short experience were identical to those in the book. Naturally, the beliefs and conclusions in the book were much better developed and organized (after 2,500 years) than I'd been able to do after a mere 24. From that point onward, I simply grew into what was offered.

Proselytizing in Buddhism is frowned upon and considered extremely rude. In 1950, when I wished to "officially" become a Buddhist, the priest sent me home to study my family's religion for a year, so I would know what I was leaving. After that, if I still wished to make it official, it would be done. This is the very antithesis of the way converts are made in this country with the dominant religions.

In any case, I did this, and within a year I moved to Honolulu, where I became active in Buddhist temples and Sunday schools. Then, in 1955, Dwight Eisenhower held a White House Conference on Education. A man from Cambodia attended as an auditor, and I had a chance to meet him. He had been a Buddhist monk for over 30 years. We met every day for several weeks, and in one meeting I said I hoped someday to be able to go to the Far East and spend some time in a monastery . . . to live in a culture imbued with the doctrines.

When I left Hawaii about a month later, he asked if I was still interested, and upon receiving my assurances that I was, he merely said, "We'll see." In three months time, I arrived in Cambodia. A monk (who later turned out to be a spiritual advisor to the Royal Family) met me, and we went straight to the monastery. I fell immediately into the daily routine, and for seven months I spent 18 to 20 hours a day in various forms of meditation. I learned who and what I am, warts and all. We all have hidden things inside us, things that are not "nice," which we don't want anyone else to know. They are part of all that we are, not just the nice parts. Now, today, I know these are okay to be there. I don't carry them around with me on a banner, but if asked about something specific, I no longer keep it secret and will reveal it. It's a part of what makes me whole.

Over the next 25 years, I continued to seek answers to more questions and got them within my capacity of understanding. The more I developed, the more I understood. During this period I was offered, and accepted, ordination into five of the six Buddhist sects. Also, I received seven of the ten major initiations of Tibetan Buddhism, two of them from H.H. the Dalai Lama. Also, I founded The American Buddhist Order in the U.S. There are no fundamental doctrinal differences between Buddhist sects, only differing emphases of certain practices, and one may find several of these being practiced at any one time in any Buddhist monastery.

The Tantric aspect of Buddhism has always had great appeal to me, as it combines the most lofty spiritual experiences with the most mundane. The gamut is here to know. Because Tibet's isolated geography is probably the most conducive in the world for real spiritual (as opposed to religious) accomplishment, it should come as no surprise that amazing developments have taken place. Do you remember my early question about what happens when we die? Well, from Tibet's vast reaches, incredibly difficult and disciplined practices have been learned by a few regarding the death processes and beyond. Under guidance, some have undergone the disciplines, experienced the processes, and returned.

In Christianized Western belief, whenever a baby is born, he is given a soul, unchangeable, individualized and separate from all else. However, in the Buddhist view, we enter into a body as a kind of "collection" of proclivities, inclinations and potentialities known in Sanskrit as *skandha*, meaning a bundle. When this "bundle" of energies comes into contact with flesh, outside energies, constant input of external and internal sensory data, it stimulates both feelings and thoughts, which in turn create still others. This becomes part and parcel of our ever-growing "bundle," and this collecting process continues until we "die."

Now, to die:

My time has come and, finally, you see me lying on my deathbed. My body's strength is weakening, and active meditation still occurs. But it will be gradually replaced by an increasing awareness, somewhat akin to, but different from, mere consciousness. Remember, we function through our five senses, plus a sixth, comprised of thoughts, emotions, impressions, etc. To all appearances I am largely comatose, although still breathing.

1. As my awareness principle steadfastly withdraws from my flesh and bones, I become aware of awesome, voluminous sounds, as if huge mountains all around me were crashing at my feet. This is the separating of the "me" from the dense, coarse crudity of the body's fleshy, cellular construction.

2. Smashing, roaring sounds of powerful ocean waves beating upon rocky shores assault me next as "I" continue to separate from the watery components of corporeality: blood, lymph and other bodily fluids.

3. The slow loss of body heat from the early disintegration of cellular surfaces within my body is brought forcefully to the fore, as if an all-consuming, gigantic jungle fire were thundering through.

4. The vital energies, the cohesive vital forces, which have moved and operated my cellular-atomic frame, are finally freed from the constrictions of my "solid" body. The parting is manifested by violent, thunder-like crashes of sound, followed by magnificent quietness.

5. At this point, separation is complete, and "I" leave the body through the top of the skull at a point known to Asians as the *susumn*. Anatomically, this is where the four bone plates of the skull come together and is the soft spot on an infant's skull, the fontanelle. (This "leaving" is an observable phenomenon, which several staff members and I witnessed often during my nursing career.) The body is gone; the "I" is gone, and what remains is the ever-changing awareness principle, basically what "I" was even when in a body.

Note that I've numbered these stages and that they correspond to Asia's conception of all things being categorized as earth, water, fire, air, and ether. These aspects are not merely the glib versions given them by Westerners.

I should probably say here that for various reasons, dead people often do not immediately realize they are dead, particularly if their death is violently precipitated, such as in an auto accident or being shot through the brain. This thrusts them instantly into a vastly unfamiliar, bodiless milieu for which few are adequately prepared. The jolt of leaving our solid bodies can precipitate a kind of swoon into a darkness which can last three to three-and-a-half days.

When this darkness dissipates, there is an awareness of the presence of an incredible kind of pure light. This, the powerful super energies making up the universe and the spaces between, can be an awesomely overwhelming experience. So if an individual has some knowledge of how to die, his awareness principle can join and become one with this light, just as a cup of water would join, when poured, into a river. If, however, this principle is frightened, it attempts to withdraw from the brilliance and then become attracted to a lesser kind of reddish sun twilight.

Without a body I am now this "bundle" of memories, habits, proclivities, attachments, etc., all in full working order. If I have not learned how to "detach" from "things," I can have a reawakening of my sense faculties and a mind-driven power of unimpeded motion. This is hell. To Buddhists, "hell" is defined as separation from anything giving any degree of pleasure or satisfaction; or, to be forced to be associated with anything producing mental, physical, emotional or psychological discomfort.

So here I am in a nonphysical "body," plagued by a full set of sensory impressions, memories, attachments, and the

hell of being unable to satisfy a single one. Without even rudimentary preparation for this reality, I'm beginning to crave another body. Merging into totality—of unrestricted freedom, light and lightness—comprises reality, but my attachments and desires drag me away from this towards the light produced by the heavy molecular solidity, experienced as the reddish sun twilight earlier mentioned.

Other things may also be seen: multitudes of dazzling lights, radiant sparks—being pursued by the impressions of terrifying rain downpours, menacing figures or, even, some judge/executioner. These come entirely from my own "bundle," the conscious memory of my past deeds. The Tibetan Book of the Dead (page 167) clearly states, "Apart from one's own hallucinations, in reality there are no such things existing outside oneself such as a lord of death, god or demon."

Traditionally Buddhist funerals last for 49 days with commemorative services held on multiples of seven days. Should I die before completing my training in *how* to die, it is still possible for my teacher to guide me through the process of liberation, even though I am "gone" and he still lives. For a Buddhist teacher to take a student, there must be some kind of mind connection between them. This is vital for the time when the student goes past the verbal level, and the teacher "teaches" volumes through a gesture, a nod . . . or merely a look.

For skeptics who reject the possibility of anyone making contact with the awareness principle of the "dead," I suggest you obtain biologist Lyal Watson's book, *Supernature* (Hodder & Stoghton, London, 1973), which recounts many scientifically documented mind exchanges across thousands of miles—even to the moon when astronauts visited. Such "telepathic" communication has been forever removed from the realm of fantasy into the documented, scientific fact of existence.

It is my fervent hope that the foregoing may strike a chord within you and prompt you to become a part of your awareness principle. I would further hope that when our turn comes to face "death" that this information may make our transition easier and with uninterrupted awareness.

Solid "things," including people, are void of an essential characteristic marking it that way forever. There is a certain "chairness" about a chair. But remove the boards, the constituents from which it is made, and the "chairness" disappears. It is void of specific characteristics. We all know what atoms are and that they have electrons whirling about them. Well, suppose you take a "magic" shrinking pill and diminish in size until you are standing on the nucleus of an atom. At that point, the electrons will be the size of oranges and some 20 miles distant from you. By definition, we are not solid, but *essentially* space. When our frames disintegrate, we are fundamentally void of any characteristic which is primarily us. The very cells of our bodies are completely changed about every seven years (atoms about every 72 hours). At age 21, you've already had three new bodies, not counting the atomic replacements. So where did "you" and "I" go? "We" are the awareness principle at work, in reality void of any separating qualities to divide us from other manifestations of reality.

Let me close with a paragraph from *The Zen Teachings of Huang Po* (page 45), one of the finest expositions I've seen of Zen Buddhism. On his insight and knowledge of physical death: "If an ordinary man, when he is about to die, could only see the Five Elements of Consciousness as void; the four physical Elements as not constituting an 'I'; the real Mind as formless and neither coming nor going; his nature as something neither commencing at his birth nor perishing at his death, but as whole and motionless in its very depths; his mind and environmental object as one—if he could really accomplish this, he would receive Enlightenment in a flash. He would no longer be entangled by the triple world (of greed, hatred, and delusion); he would be a world-transcendor. He would be without the faintest tendency towards rebirth. If he should behold the glorious sight of all the Buddhas coming to welcome him surrounded by every kind of gorgeous manifestation, he would experience no terror. He would just be himself, oblivious of conceptual thought and one with the absolute. He would have attained the state of unconditioned being. This, then, is the fundamental principle."

What an unsurpassed way to die . . . when it is time!

GENE WAGNER, a special friend and long-time supporter, is an extensively initiated and ordained Buddhist monk and founder of the American Buddhist Order. From 1972 to 1980, he was a registered nurse who chose to work with critically and terminally ill patients and their families. As a Buddhist monk and distinguished teacher, Gene has lectured throughout the world and was editor and publisher of THE BAMBOO BASKET, a national Buddhist magazine for two years. He is currently semi-retired and living in Mexico with his life-mate. ▭

THE POETRY OF RANDY DIX

This poet brings a good balance to the open relationship he has with his suave, debonaire housemate in Iowa. Both are 60 and enjoy meeting kindred spirits.

RETROSPECTION

You struck a chord that quickened my heart;
Your letter sparked fantasies galore.
What luck to connect with another old fart
Who also was eager to soar!

I'd answered your ad and prepared to wait,
Not certain there'd be a reply;
You did though, and listed the assets that bait
And encourage the reader to sigh.

"Six two, two ten, hazel eyes, gray hair,
Masculine, healthy, divorced and kids grown,
No smoke, eight cut with big balls (a pair),
Now living a life of my own."

Too good to be true? You're telling me this
And hinting at rendezvous soon?
Where are the flaws; what did I miss?
Bad judgements could lead us to ruin.

So, I wrote and you wrote and I wrote again
And then we talked on the phone;
Your voice was deliberately seducing me when
You suggested we meet soon . . . alone!

Good vibes came through loud and clear when we met
And we talked and we laughed and we ate.
Our time in the sack (how good could it get?)
Was truly incredibly great.

Decisions were made and we changed living spaces;
Instead of two beds there's now one.
You've only to look at the smiles on our faces
To see the good this move has done.

We now laugh and joke at our first separation;
I headed north, you went south.
Your cock red and sore from rough-tongued abrasion
And me with a very sore mouth. ▭

TWO FROM EXOCET

THE MATURE MAN VIDEO SITUATION JUST GOT BETTER

Recently I visited Pat and The Friar to check out a couple of videos they 'd received from overseas. I was pleased to find out that the U.S. market just got invaded by some pretty formidable foreign videographers who now realize how potentially lucrative are videos featuring older men. The news is getting good. P.R. SIMON will soon release another mature man video, and CR will soon review *Daddy's Beerbelly in Bondage*, starring burly, grey-bearded, thick-dicked Sam Bush. *Daddy's Beerbelly* has been around for awhile, but Colley's request to review it fell on deaf ears. Maybe CR's dramatic growth has given them a change of heart.

Pat and The Friar put on a review copy of a new European-produced video called ***40-PLUS, VOLUME 1,*** which is being sold through 40-Plus Productions, 124 Upland Terrace (D), Collingdale, PA 19023.

FRANK GARBO . . . a self portrait

The 90 minute video is divided into three sections, the first being **"The Frank Garbo Show."** This segment consists of the star, Frank Garbo, age 66, performing fellatio on 10 different well-hung hunks, ranging in age from 34 to 50. Not much story line here, but the photography on the copy I saw looked pretty good. It isn't boring either, like other stationary camera videos. There is a lot of cutting to various other angles. The exotic sound track (some of the music sounds Arabic) enhances the action, and there isn't an ounce of redeeming social value—just a balls-out, leave-nothing-to-the-imagination suck fest. Wet and wild!

The second segment, **"Drunk On Spunk,"** is a bit raunchy in spots and features 11 models (5 new ones and 6 from the previous segment). This time Frank Garbo shares the oral duties with others, and there is more variety in positions and sex acts. Again there is no story line—just pure porn with a mostly stationary camera. But, *zoot alors*, does it end with a bang with Steve Spunks and Peter Rose. Spunks is the stockiest and most rugged of the bunch . . . and by far my favorite. He leaves little doubt in anyone's mind that he is a top man par excellence. That one scene is almost worth the price of the entire video.

"Triple Hit" is actually a trilogy within a trilogy and features three new models, plus a fourth from the second segment in the wild finale. Frank Garbo, of course, is prowling around, cobra-licking as needed.

There is no pretense here, gentlemen. If you want 90 minutes of high-quality masturbatory fodder featuring very masculine, well-built mature men, then this flick is for you. Never *ever* have I seen this many models (17) in one video, let alone the fact that most of them are mature! This video is available in standard VHS and Video-8 tapes format for USA/Canada/Japan. Also available (write for pricing) in PAL-1 for U.K./Ireland/Hong Kong/ South America; PAL-B.G. for Continental Europe/India/Thailand/ Singapore/Pakistan; and SECAM D-K for Eastern Europe/Russia. See their ad in this issue for pricing and instructions.

Then, at the other end of the artistic spectrum is a video title that doesn't translate well into English from Japanese. In literal translation, the English title is "Mature Age Love Office," I understand. If this video catches on over here, perhaps they'll call the English version ***MATURE LOVE IN THE OFFICE***. KAIMEI-KAN sent it to Pat and The Friar as a gift, but Pat insisted that it should be reviewed—that many CR readers would be taken with the video as much as we.

PHOTO BY KAMEI-KAN

There are four models featured in this exquisitely crafted story about two stocky, older Japanese businessmen who are working late to the accompaniment of classical string quartet music. Since there is little dialog in this video, language is never a barrier to knowing what is going on. The cinematography is so professional that stylish close-ups capture every nuance of the cautious older man's desire for the younger. Although there is no cat-and-mouse glances (the one lusted after is oblivious to the looks of the other), the scene reminds me of some of the brilliant "Dressed to Kill" segments which were void of dialog, brilliantly photographed, and loaded with classical music.

Apparently realizing that they are the only employees left in the area, the older man (sixtyish, bald, stocky) calls over the younger co-worker (fortyish to fiftyish, handsome and stocky) to ask a business question. In the process, he rubs his neck wearily, prompting the younger one to innocently offer a shoulder and neck massage. One knead leads to a grope by the older man, who rises and passionately kisses the obviously stunned virgin.

Next thing we know, they are relaxing in a hotel room, dressed in kimonos and drinking beer. The sound track switches to relaxing, progressive jazz. The older man puts on a video featuring two slightly younger men, and his co-worker becomes

excited. There are occasional cuts to the younger men in action, but most of the story centers around the older man's rapturous seduction of the scorchingly sexy younger one.

This video, in spite of the fact that the genitals are more-or-less electronically masked to satisfy Japanese law, is evocative and saturated with dignity, class and artistic merit. It isn't porn and one need not understand Japanese to understand the story line. It's also hot as hell and rivals the most scorching scenes of any R-rated Hollywood movie (especially when the electronic masking doesn't work too well and we can make out the thick hardness of the models—whoops!). My favorite part is near the end when the semen starts flying (not censored, oddly) and the partners kiss tenderly and laugh in celebration of their union. The ending is romantic, gentle and poignant.

KAIMEI-KAN seems to think that Americans will be turned off by the censorship and Japanese dialog, hence their reluctance to market their videos in the U.S. But I experienced the opposite reaction. I found it mesmerizing, but then I really don't get that much pleasure out of graphic sexuality. I appreciate art and have never seen erotic gay videos made with such class and style. Because provocative, clothed photos tease me more so than nude shots and allow my imagination to do the titillation, I felt the same way about this video.

The VHS format video is available in the U.S. via air parcel post for $85. A stiff price, but have you priced the cost of *sending* a video to Japan? The shipping costs alone are over $12, which places the video in the same price range as the P.R. SIMON works. For more information, write KAIMEI-KAN at P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office, Taito-Ku, Tokyo 110-91, JAPAN. Since KAIMEI-KAN is a very reputable company, you might want to save time by sending them U.S.$85 in money order or bank transfer. Refer to this review and state that the video was advertised at the top of page 18 in SAMSON 1992 Issue #6.

In closing, I'd like to send a message out to those videographers who think that only porn will sell in this country. I, for one, don't buy porn videos, but I would buy a video with a story that develops character and projects sex in a stylish, artistic manner—like "Mature Love in the Office." When do we get an American version of "Taxi Zum Klo" or a gay version of "Last Tango in Paris?" The market is waiting with an open checkbook.

Note: To insure that you get the correct video, please make a copy of this page and show the following title in Japanese characters:

株式会社 熟年愛

WELCOME TO LOS ANGELES

Although I now live in that bastion of conservatism called Orange County (along with 'toon stars Mickey Mouse and U.S. Representative Dannemeyer), I often get into L.A. I've lived in L.A., too, so I like to think of myself as an Angelino of sorts. I care about L.A. and hate to see the turmoil it's gone through of late.

L.A. is a contradiction in many ways. Angelinos are perceived as being laid back and trendy, and the L.A. basin is considered a melting pot. Yet Angelinos seem to be among the most intolerant and pissed-off people in the country of late. But wouldn't you be? After all, L.A.'s chief of police is probably the most arrogant and vindictive "public servant" ever to pin on a badge; city and county officials are so factious and partisan that one wonders who's calling the shots; 200,000 gang members are threatening to take over and probably finish the torch job of the city (and they can probably do it!); foul, extremely unhealthful air is regularly breathed by millions of unfortunate people; and a couple of very scary fault lines threaten to bust loose and bury the entire basin in a pile of rubble. Television commentators climb all over themselves to quote the latest bullshit tidbit designed to ruin our dinners. A juror in the trial: "I felt that Rodney King was in control of the situation." Inner city activists: "Rioters and looters should be given amnesty." Then the national news comes on. The Vice President of the United States, on why he misspelled "potato": "My cue card was misspelled." Sister Souljuh, rap singer and self-appointed black leader, upon being criticized by Governor Clinton for reportedly saying that blacks should take a week off from killing each other and kill nothing but white people: "He's a racist!" The average Angelino (like his counterpart everywhere else) wonders if the voice of reason has been drowned out by special interest groups and other extremists, and, if so, who the fuck is listening to Joe Doe?

Did someone just shout, "Ross Perot?"

But this is a magazine for the "sexually eclectic," so let me put a gay spin on what I'm trying to get across. Who is listening to equally pissed-off, *gay* Joe Doe, who pays his taxes, mows his lawn, doesn't think his sex life is anyone's business, and is a good neighbor? Certainly not the media, who report the "gay response" to current events thusly: "Although the character (Jame Gum in *The Silence of the Lambs*) wasn't a gay person, the movie projected the stereotype of what a gay person is supposed to be." This, from a GLADD spokesperson. Unintelligible . . . but politically correct nonetheless. The networks then reported on the eve of the Academy Awards that gay activists were going to protest "the rampant homophobia in the movie industry" by "outing" some famous Hollywood stars. That part fizzled, apparently, but the television cameras did manage to get in some shots of whistle-screaming queens in their leather and pancake. One especially hilarious interview was with a gruesomely made-up drag queen with six-inch eyelashes. He lisped, "We're concerned that Hollywood never projects a positive image of gay people." Even the news anchor couldn't keep a straight face over that one.

Meanwhile, the *real* positive image is mowing his lawn, choking on the smog, losing interest in the six o'clock news, wondering when the "big one" is coming, and considering retiring to Mexico with his lover of 25 years.

EXOCET is a deeply closeted retired navy captain living in Newport Beach, California. he prefers to stay anonymous and does not seek mail which requires a response.

DIDN'T GET YOUR #49 SPECIAL ISSUE WITH THAT

OUTRAGEOUS

NOVEL, *KNOWING SATURN*, AND THOSE

FANTASTIC

PHOTOS OF IDAHO MEN BY JOEL, AND OUTBACK JACK'S PHOTO OF THE

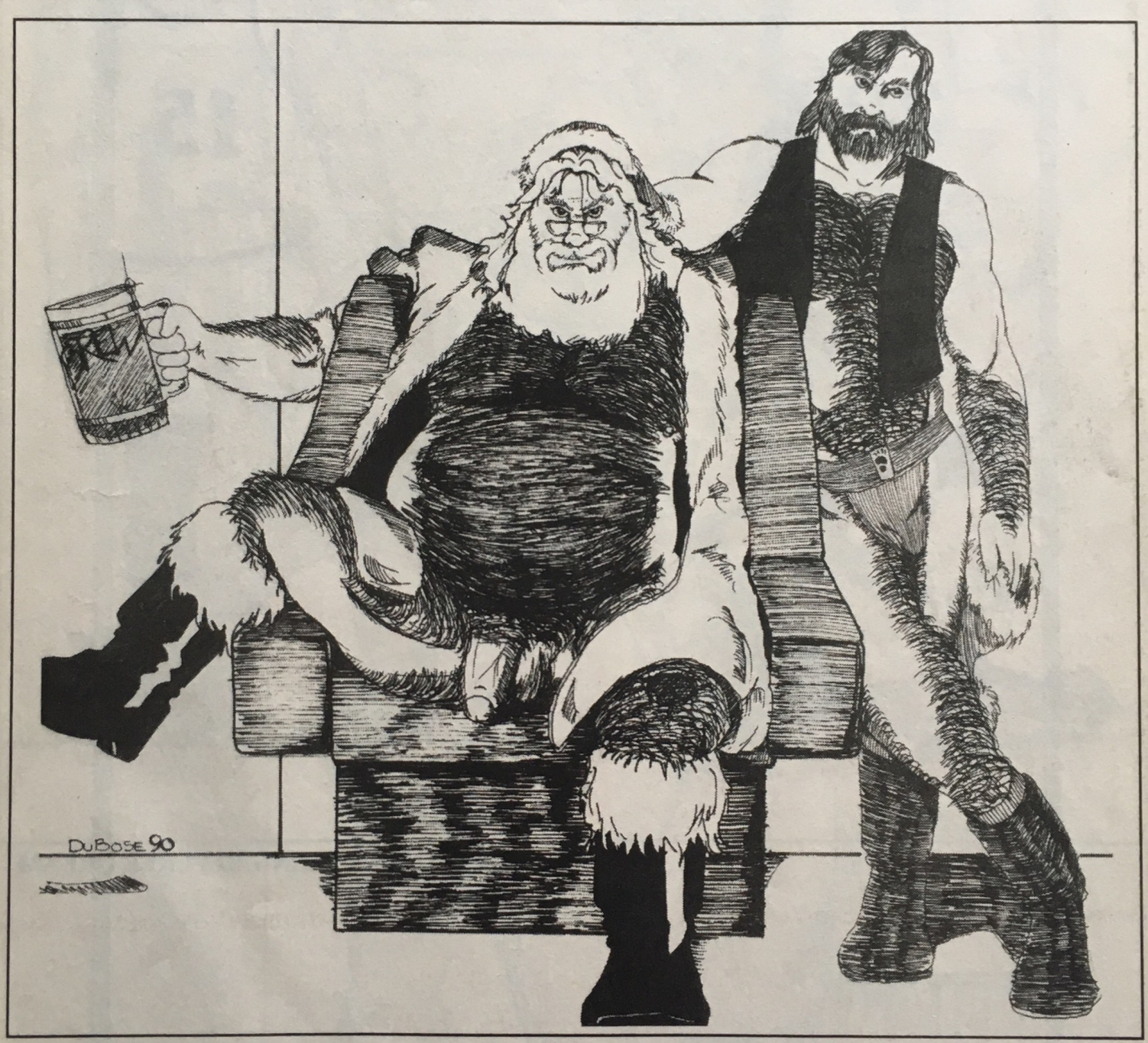
NEW REIGNING "MR. THICK,"

KOALA BEAR? WELL, DID YOU ORDER IT? IF YOU MISSED THE DEADLINE FOR UPGRADING FOR IT, YOU HAVE TO BUY IT SEPARATELY. DON'T MISS OUT!

THE ARTWORK OF BILL THREE

BILL THREE is half of a dynamic artistic duo. Burly in a wiry sort of way, this rugged, sexy-looking Mr. Can-Do just started doing erotic drawings recently. Surprise! According to his life-mate, he also gives a mean massage. He lives in Los Angeles with his partner of 26 years.

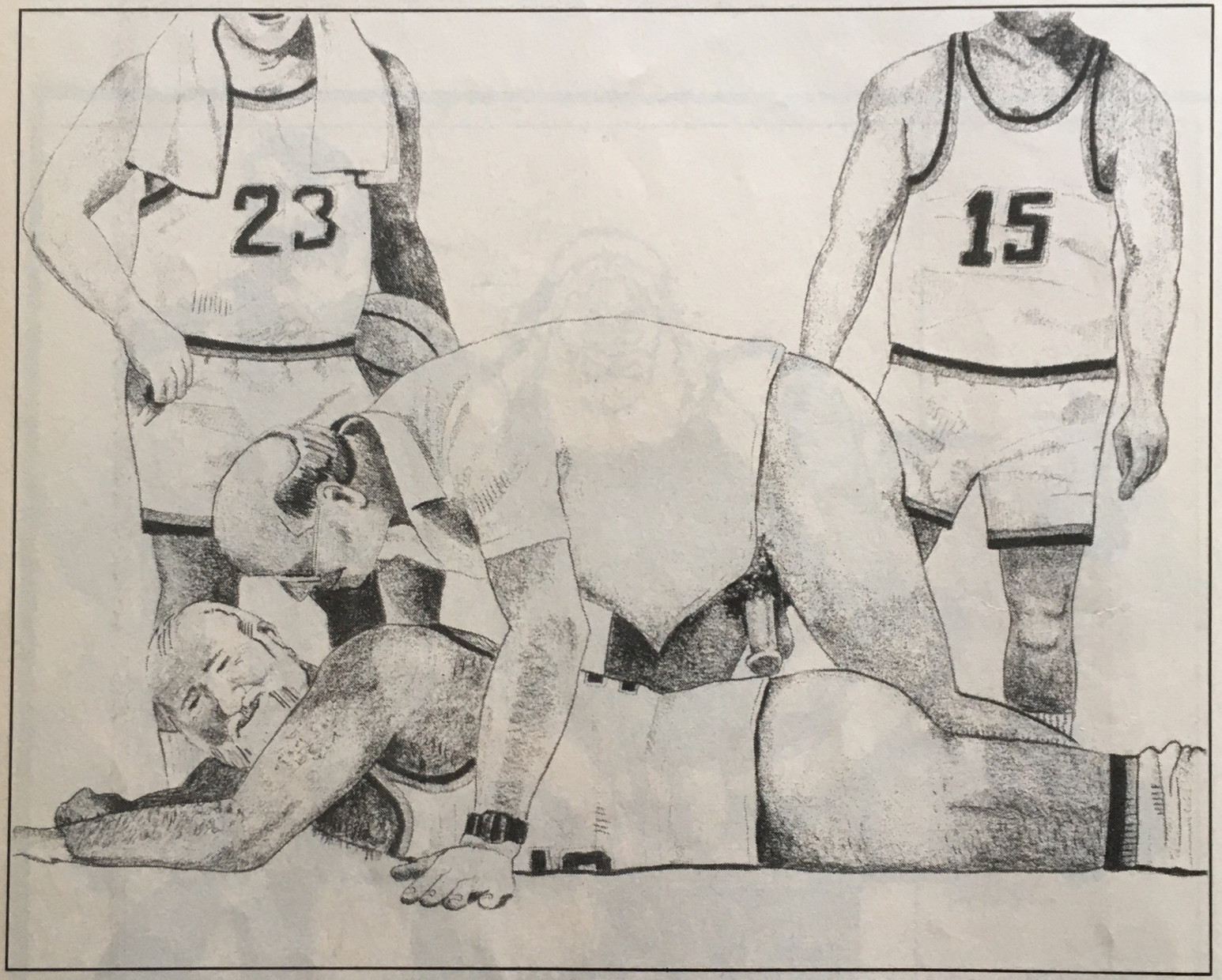
THE ARTWORK OF FUZZTONE



(aka DU BOSE)

(See profile on page 40)

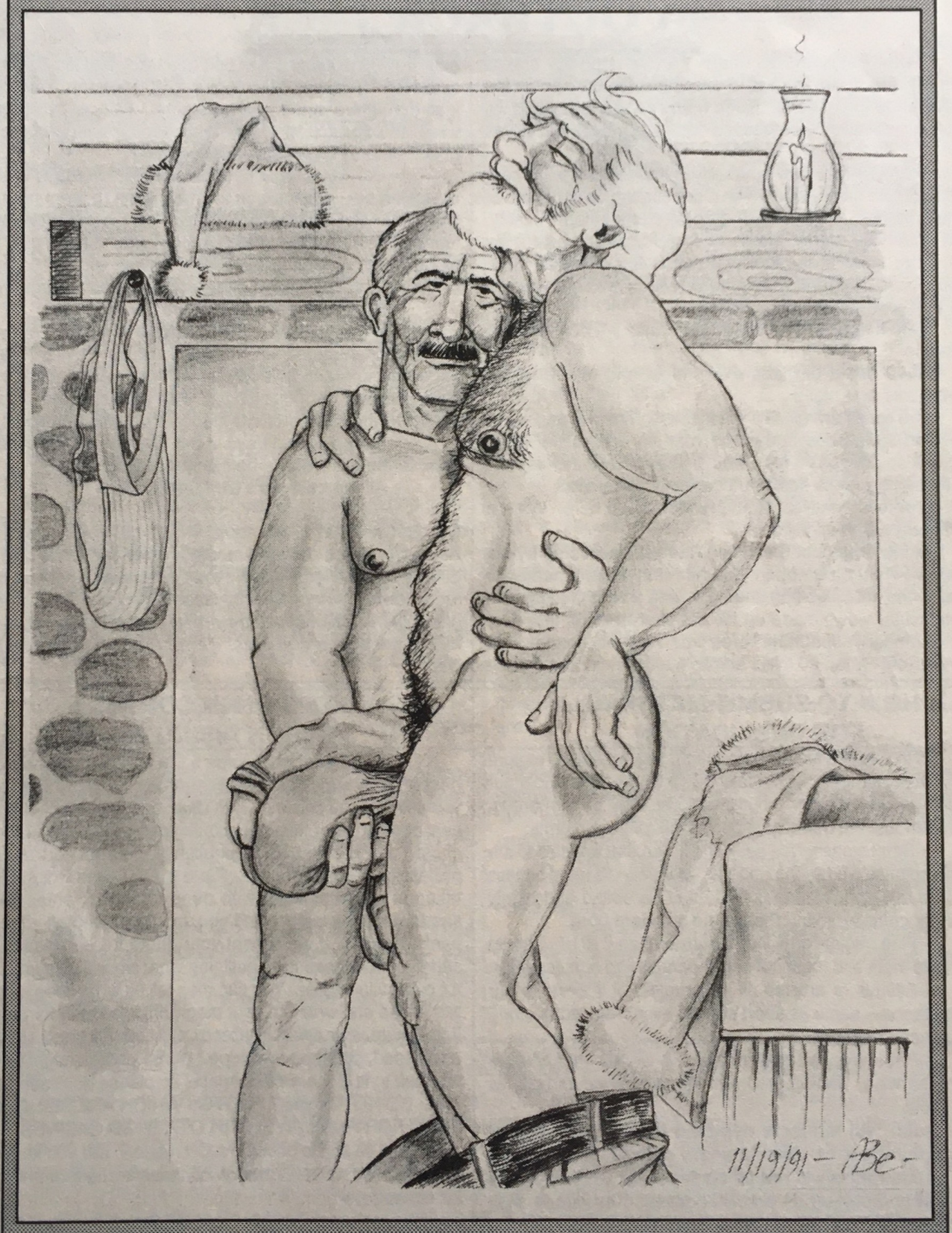
THE ARTWORK OF MASCOT



THAT CRAZY, RECURRING REFEREE DREAM

MASCOT is 25 and lives in Georgia with his friend, lover, confidant and equal, age 39. Through his artwork, he's tried to show the normalcy and eroticism of a homo-masculine relationship (rather than the bondage or domination aspect). Plus, older men are especially fascinating and attractive to him.

THE ARTWORK OF ABE



ALL THIS IN SANTA'S BAG FOR LITTLE OLE ME?

See ABE's profile on page 11.

We got yet another fantastic letter from one of our delightful Australian contributors. This one was so good that we thought it might make a great travel article. So here goes. We can't wait to visit OUTBACK JACK, KOALA BEAR and all their friends.

AN OUTBACK VACATION
by OUTBACK JACK

18th May

G'day Pat and The Friar: Picture 4 poofta blokes roughing it under the stars in a caravan way upstate in the Flinders Range for 10 days. Not a pretty picture, but when we get back to civilisation, we'll bounce back to our beautiful selves again!

I can't believe how spectacular the scenery is up here . . . and it's in our back yard! Even more exciting as we've never been here before. We're camping (and I use that term loosely, ha) out under the stars—the southern cross—sometimes by creeks, other times at the foot of breathtaking mountain cliffs. The moon has been full nearly all week, so we've saved on candle power when dining outdoors.

It's a holiday we're enjoying so much we don't want to go home.

Have beaut big fires every night and even toasted marshmallows one night!

The roads are all dirt. Dusty, very primitive, and we're not used to kangaroos and emus running across the road, scaring the shit out us. There was a good rain (2 inches) last week, so some creeks had to be carefully negotiated.

The local "natives" are very friendly up here. What a vast difference from city life.

At the Arkaroola Sanctuary (not yet discovered by the tourists), we went on an open jeep ride that scared the tits off us. Had white knuckles hanging on, it was so frightening. But the spectacular views made up for all the shrieks on that ride.

Another "rippa mate" area was Wilpena Pound, a 60 million-year-old crater, 20 miles across the basin. It was a three hour trek up miles of creek bed to a track that led 3,000 meters to the top. Shit! We only made it to 700 meters. You could see it all from there and it was awesome. It's now overgrown with trees and flowers, etc., and inhabited by kangaroos and wild goats, birds and parrots. Just beautiful.

We came back to civilisation for two days to take the old steam train ride through the mountains (a three hour trip) as it only operates on weekends. Quorn is a quaint little town with four pubs on the main street. At one pub I found a pianola, and being the only blokes there at the time, did we camp it up, singing old songs while I pedalled old tunes through the rolls.

Back to hot showers in the caravan park.

We have a few more gorges to hike. Today, we're doing a champagne and caviar hike up Devil's Peak, only expecting to reach half way as we may get a bit tiddly on the champers and not make it back. Talk about four butch "shilslas" escaping the rigours of city life for an outback holiday!

Spending two days in the Clare Wine Valley to adjust back to the city lifestyle before heading home.

All the best from OUTBACK JACK

OUTBACK JACK is 46, 190#, 5'-10", hairy and lives in South Australia. He's a delightful model, a great and funny guy, and he takes a mean photo, too. He took the photo of KOALA BEAR in the Knowing Saturn Special Issue. He must have a fantastic group of friends because they're always going somewhere and having the time of their lives. These Aussies know how to enjoy life!

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised, with good contrast and clarity. No sex shots.

Note: All subjects depicted in print, artwork or photography must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to.

TIPS ON BECOMING A CHIRON RISING MODEL

If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a CR model? Did you know that, on average, our models receive 20 times the letters that personal advertisers do?

HOW TO WRITE A MODEL

Yes, you can easily contact our models! Simply follow the instructions for answering a coded ad on page 41.

PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **JOHN BEAR** is a 54-year-old Italian-American who has lived in San Francisco since 1981. He's out there looking for BIG MEN, 30-50, and will answer all letters that contain a photo. We've had the pleasure of getting to know this very interesting guy and can assure you that underneath the handsome, good-natured image is a man of substance.

PAGE 2: **GREYBEARD** is 67, retired and living in Atlanta. He enjoys cooking, working out, spectator sports and meeting new people--especially big, burly men over 40.

PAGES 27 THRU 34: (Because of the number of contributors featured in this section, we didn't have the space to profile them as we normally do. Therefore, please refer to profiles elsewhere herein and in recent back issues. Otherwise, the following summary should help those wishing to write fan mail.)

Couples who enjoy meeting others: **PAPA BEAR & BABY BEAR** (Northern California); **PAT & THE FRIAR, DENNY & BIG MAC, ZIPPER & NIPPER** (Southern California); **JOEL & THOM** (Idaho); **LAYTON & JIM, ROD & LANDSCAPER** (Washington State); **JOHN & CHARLIE** (New York); **GENE & HANK** (Mexico).

Has partner - looking for friendship only: **JOE, TURBO, ERNIE** (all Northern California).

Has partner - seeks younger for friendship and more: **BIG PAW** (Southern California); **BAY AREA TOP, THE BANKER** (Northern California).

Has partner - seeks mature for friendship and more: **HORNED TOAD** (Connecticut), **BRIAN** (Northern California).

Singles who like mature for friendship and more: **PEDER, BRANCH, DRAGON** (Northern California); **RICHIE II, C.J., BRAD** (Southern California); **JAMES** (North Carolina); **ACE** (Pennsylvania).

Singles who like younger for friendship and more: **WALTER MITTY, BOB FIVE** (Southern California); **LORD CLEVELAND, ARTHUR** (Northern California).

Singles who have no specific age requirement: **MOUNTAIN MAN** (Idaho), **KENN RICHIE** (Southern California), **JACOB** (Washington State).

(Note: Due to time constraints, we couldn't verify the accuracy of the "likes" categories of the above men. If in doubt, write anyway. They're all fine men.)

PAGE 59: **BELLYWARMER** is a 33-year-old, 5'-11", 185# weightlifter who lives in the Great Plains. He's affectionate and wants to make friends with hairy, masculine men with firm, round bellies. Born to cuddle, he loves beards and silver fur.

PAGE 60: **FLORES** is single, 64, retired, and resides in the San Francisco wine country. He muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a 100 pound puppy and a 15 pound kitten.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Many readers fail to realize that behind every fine image of a great-looking model is a photographer who either knows what he's doing or is incredibly lucky. The following photographers fit in the former category:

CHELSEA WILLIAMS is one of the top professionals in the business and is one of our best supporters. He's currently looking for more models, so contact us for his telephone number if you are interested in a shooting session. If you plan to visit San Francisco in the near future, include a stopover at CHELSEA's studio.

RICHIE II is a free-lance photojournalist among other things. His talent is phenomenal, but like so many other good photographers, he has little access to mature models. Well, the Contributors' Gathering changed all that, and what you see in this issue is only a drop in the bucket compared to what you will see in the near future.

JOEL is a semi-professional photographer who is headed for greatness. He also has a knack for finding incredibly masculine models in the most unlikely places. He's our most prolific photographer, and we eagerly await his next submittal.

We profile **BELLYWARMER** in the models section, but we shouldn't neglect to comment about his talent as a photographer. It's been a long time since we've seen a self-portrait as good as that on the inside back cover. If only we could publish the groin-warming shots of some of his rugged, married fellow weight lifters!

JACOB isn't a professional photographer, but he has a good eye and lots of experience. He will be in Europe for several weeks this summer and promises to bring back a treasure of photographs featuring many of our European readers.

CHARLIE (aka Charles Chiarelli), our editor, isn't a professional photographer either, but he has extensive experience in documenting (through photography and videography) the career of his lifemate, distinguished author, speaker and psychotherapist, JOHN J. McNEILL.

BABY BEAR took some nice shots of the preparation work. He also took some poignant shots of his favorite model, PAPA BEAR.

We'd like to thank the several other amateur photographers who sent photos of the gathering. We regret that we couldn't use them all.

S A M S O N and H O M A N

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

SMUT GLUT

by KENN RICHIE

"That sleazy, XXX-rated, pornographic, obscene, filthy STUFF is everywhere you look! Books, magazines, movies, videotapes, even television commercials are full of sex, sex, sex!!!"

Who's complaining?

The very same voices that have always complained, of course. The voices of those seeking the power to control everyone else's taste and freedoms will never cease trying to summon and impose the monster of censorship. The current abundance of erotic materials (and indeed, there are some excesses in my opinion) is, to those would-be moral guardians, simply another reason to sound false alarms, to use fear to win support. First Amendment rights have always been something of a thorn in the paws of those who think it is their duty to control the thinking of the "lowly masses." Because sex is so personal, and potentially emotional, erotic materials have always been their favorite target to attack. To some degree, almost everyone wrestles with guilt or discomfort and would prefer not to discuss their sex lives in a public forum. This reluctance causes the subject to become a key to the opinion that "some things should be forbidden." If that "key" is used to lock even one door of freedom however, it will set a precedent and start the process to close any other doors of thought that might "differ" from those of the power-seekers.

Once upon a time, the tomato was forbidden. They were thought to be poisonous and evil. It took a while for the poor things to overcome their "bad press" and convince the world that they are edible, full of vitamins, and make a dandy pasta sauce. The metaphor is a worthy and valid one. In those days, when the power seekers fought to keep tomatoes off the tables of the masses, they did so by using some of the very same tactics they are now using to frighten the public with the "threat" of sexually oriented materials.

"Tomatoes are the 'love apples' that will tempt one into sin and evil! Your children will surely be raped and murdered if you allow tomatoes into the marketplace!"

Yes indeed, sex is one subject that grabs everyone's attention. I am certain that Madison Avenue doesn't allow job seekers through the doors unless they know the basic rule that sex can sell ANYTHING! What needs to be remembered, however, is that "sex" can sell a negative, bad product as well as a good one. We must not--we CANNOT--allow sex to be used to sell us on the idea of giving up our individual rights and freedoms!

The howls one hears these days from the would-be moral guardians are targeted at the abundance and availability of sexually explicit materials. Since it seems too much to hope that any of these folks will quit their *Bible*-thumping and stop to read the book instead, we have little choice but to listen to their howls. Indeed, their rights are precious, too. They have the right to voice the opinion that God is going to send the planet crashing into the sun because *Playboy* is being sold at the corner deli. But I have a right to say what I think also, and I think they're full of pasta sauce!

Once tomatoes gained their freedom, farmers went a little nuts with the rules of supply and demand, and so the rich soil of the kingdom was overrun by the things for a while. Eventually, folks learned to make soups and sauces with them, to toss them at bad actors and otherwise take them with a grain of salt. "Supply and demand" is a good, effective law in terms of bringing things into balance sooner or later.

Tomatoes are now a common sight in the market. But for a mere couple of decades, we've only just uncovered adult materials and brought them out of the plain brown wrappers from under the counter. Our "moral guardians" should give the law of supply and demand time to take effect. Meanwhile, let's not let them panic us with the scare-talk of the killer tushies.

A "glut," as a market phenomenon, should provide the opportunity for consumers to test, sample and otherwise determine their taste for the product. Where people once stood in lines to see "Deep Throat," only dusty sidewalks remain in front of closed theaters with "For Lease" signs on the marquee. It is now time for the producers and publishers to be clearly informed of what we expect of their adult products in terms of quality as well as quantity. The novelty is beginning to wear off. If we choose to pick out only the better tomatoes from the grocer's bin, we should be every bit as selective with our "inspirational" entertainment. The rip-offs will disappear as fast as we stop being timid and reluctant to complain. The growth of quality erotica as an ART FORM will happen only as quickly as we demand it.

Those who would deny us our right to pick and choose only slow down that natural process. New attempts to establish censorship are introduced every day at local or federal levels of government. The threat is a constant one. The "morality police" now seek support for censorship by bellowing about the use of erotic materials in advertising and its visibility in public book stands. But we and our legislators must not be persuaded that NO availability is the answer. If there currently is a glut of sexually oriented material on the market, it will pass. It is not a sure sign that the world is coming to an end.

Have you ever tasted pizza made with turnip sauce?!

KENN RICHIE is a co-founder and principal contributor. Under another name (his real one) he was an award-winning playwright and even opened a play on Broadway. Many of his screenplays were brought to the screen. He lives in Los Angeles with his cats.

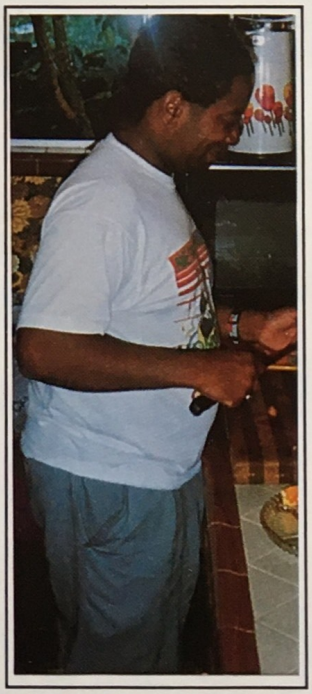
THE CR CONTRIBUTOR'S GATHERING, MAY 30 & 31, 1992
THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, CAZADERO, CALIFORNIA

THE PROPRIETORS AND GRACIOUS HOSTS, BABY BEAR AND PAPA BEAR

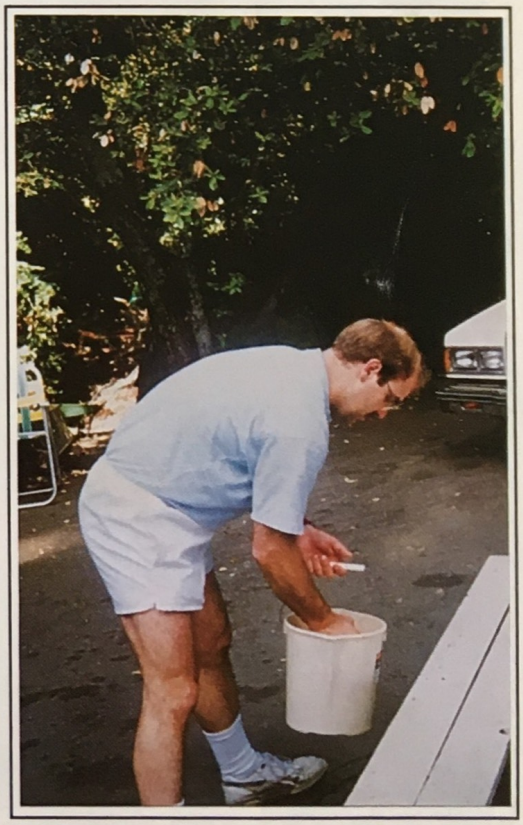
Photo: JOEL

THE PREPARATION

JOE Photo: BABY BEAR



RICHIE II
Photo: BABY BEAR

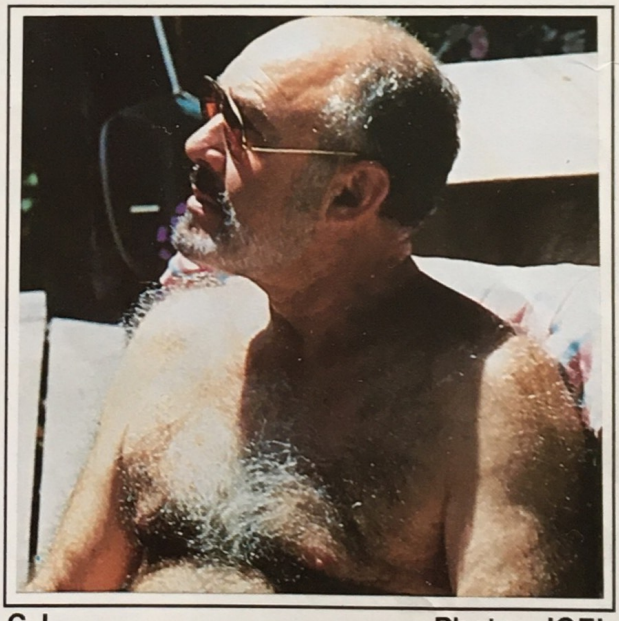


BRIAN Photo: BABY BEAR

PAPA & BABY BEAR Photo: JACOB

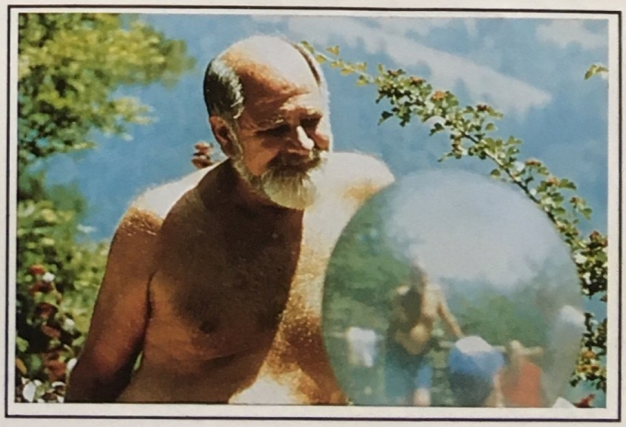
THE FRIAR, DENNY & BIG MAC Photo: CHARLIE

PAT & THE FRIAR Photo: JACOB



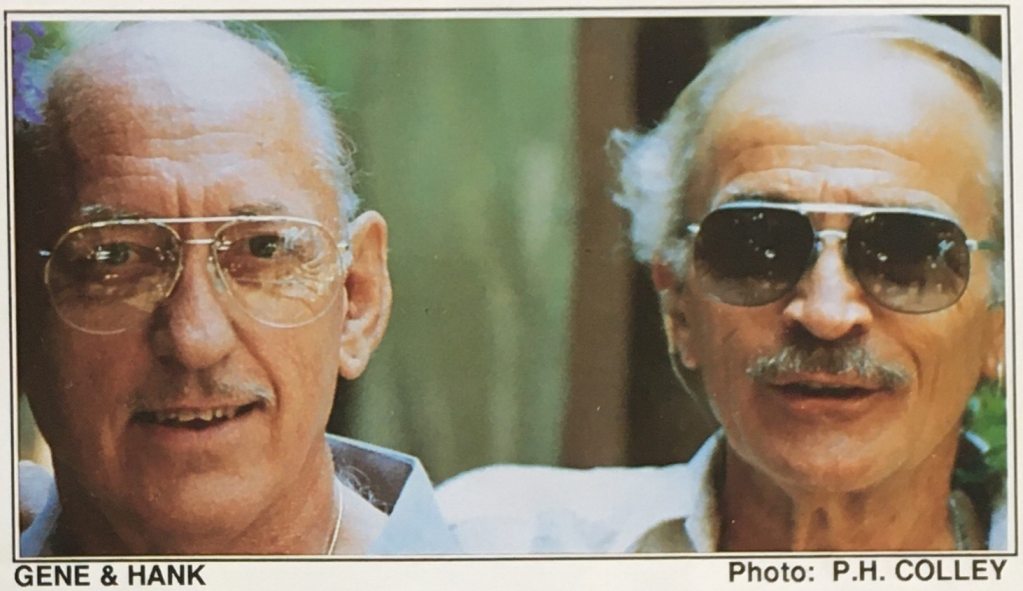
C.J. Photo: JOEL

BAY AREA TOP & JOHN McNEILL
Photo: CHARLIE

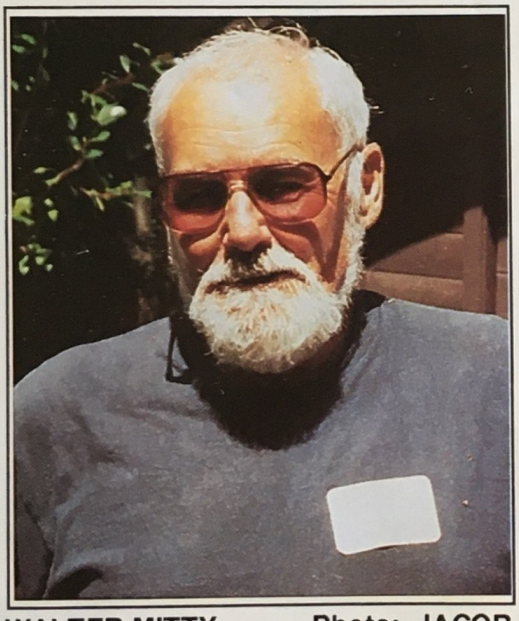


BIG PAW Photo: P.H. COLLEY

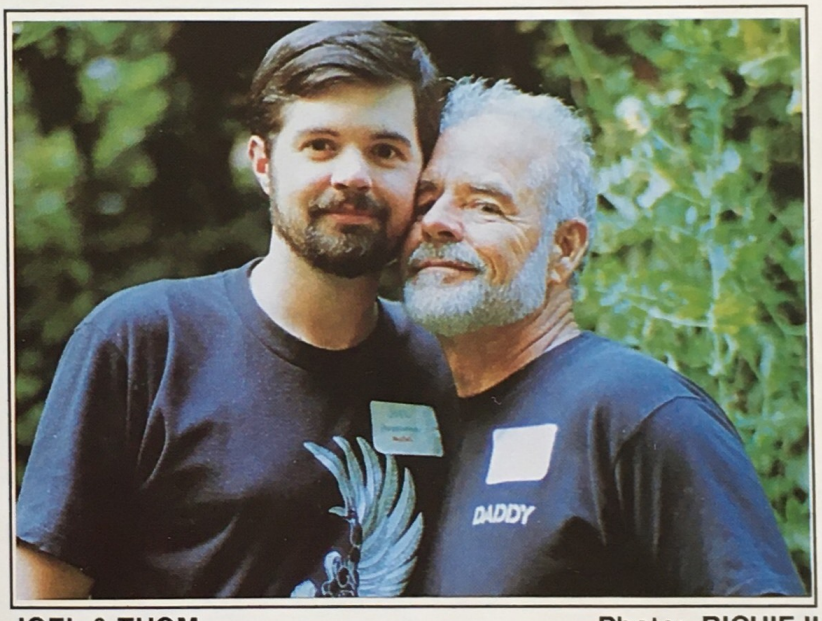
THE BANKER Photo: RICHIE II



GENE & HANK Photo: P.H. COLLEY



WALTER MITTY Photo: JACOB



JOEL & THOM Photo: RICHIE II

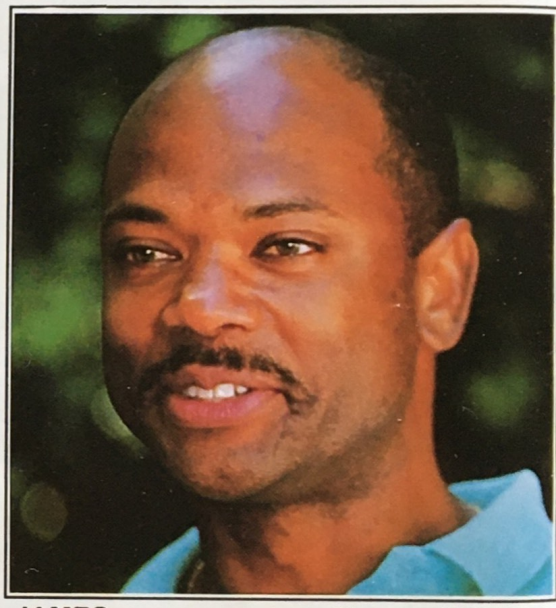
MOUNTAIN MAN Photo: RICHIE II

LORD CLEVELAND & DENNY Photo: RICHIE II

PAPA & BABY BEAR Photo: RICHIE II

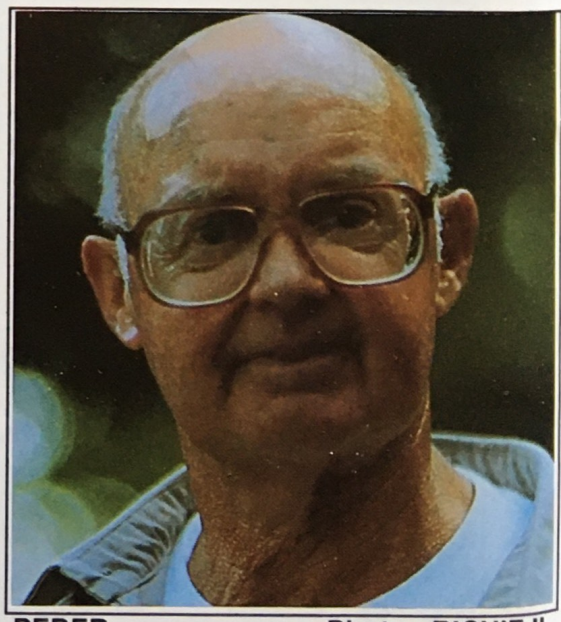
KENN RICHIE & PAT Photo: CHARLIE

C.J., LAYTON, JIM, PAT, TURBO Photo: CHARLIE



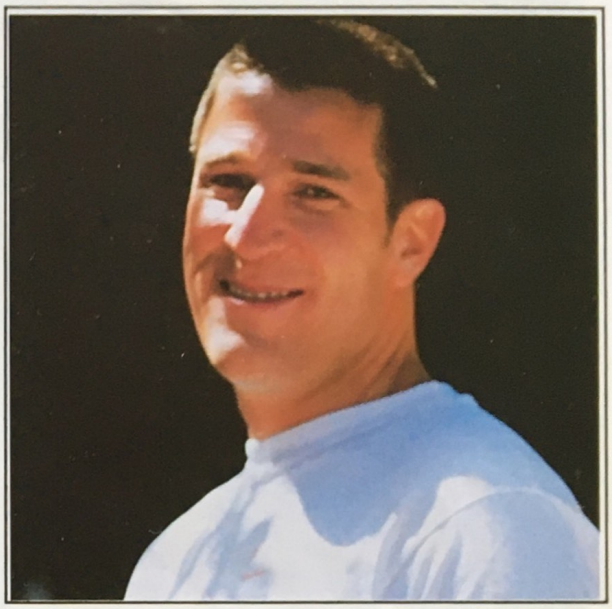
JAMES Photo: RICHIE II

Top: C.J., THE FRIAR, PAT, BIG MAC, JOHN, JOEL.
Bottom: THOM, DENNY, CHARLIE Photo: JACOB

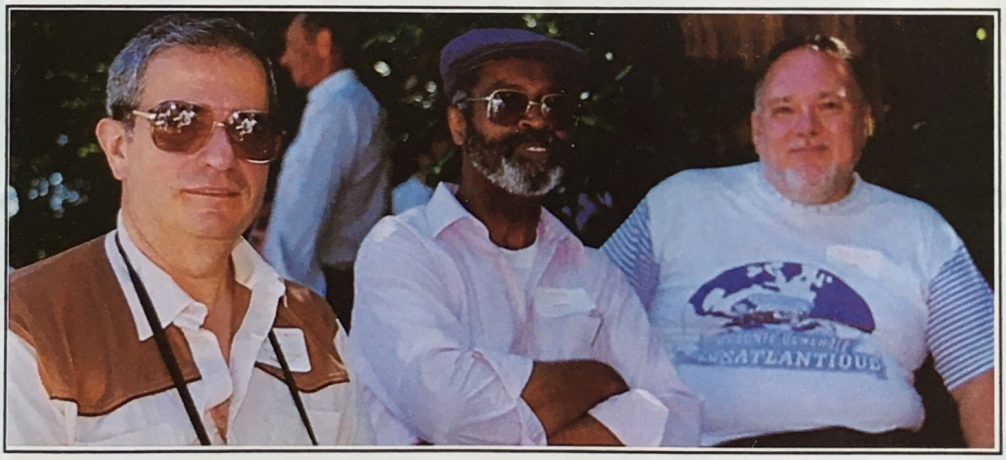


PEDER Photo: RICHIE II

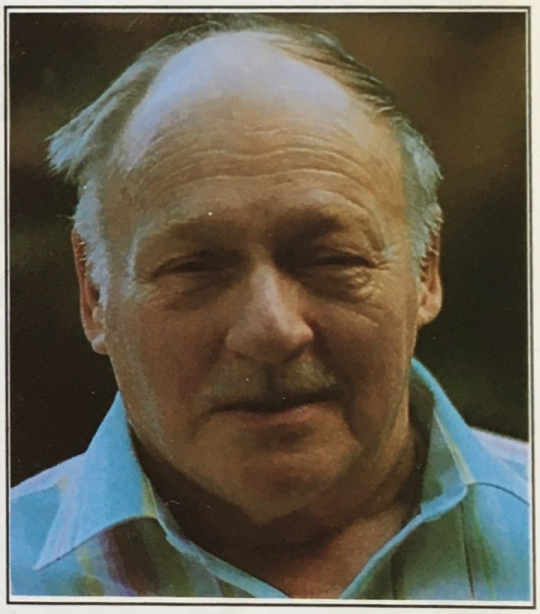
ARTHUR & BRANCH Photo: RICHIE II



BRAD Photo: RICHIE II

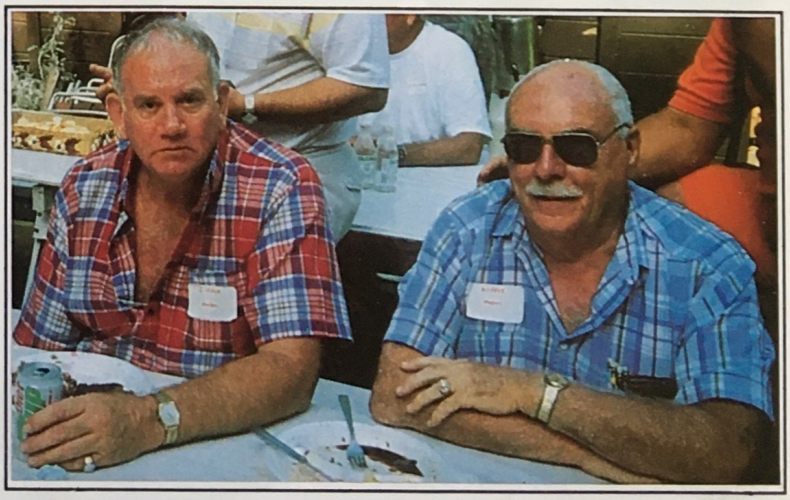


CHARLIE, JACOB & BOB FIVE Photo: RICHIE II



ERNIE Photo: RICHIE II

BABY BEAR & PAT Photo: CHARLIE

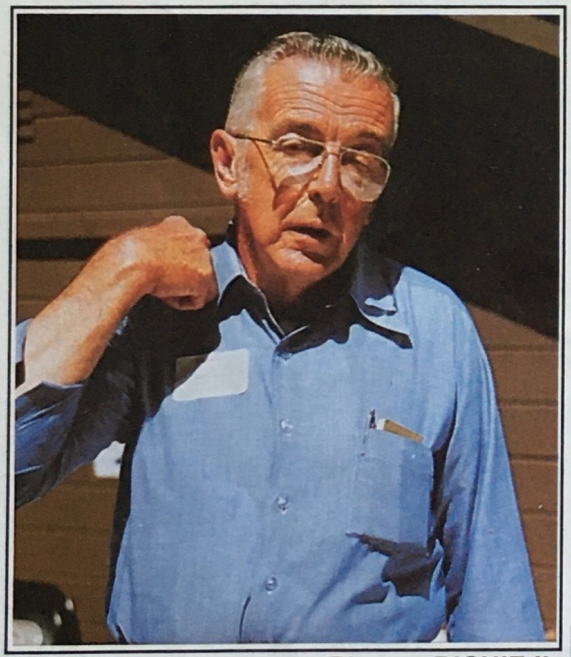


ZIPPER & NIPPER Photo: BABY BEAR

ACE Photo: RICHIE II

ROD & LANDSCAPER Photo: RICHIE II

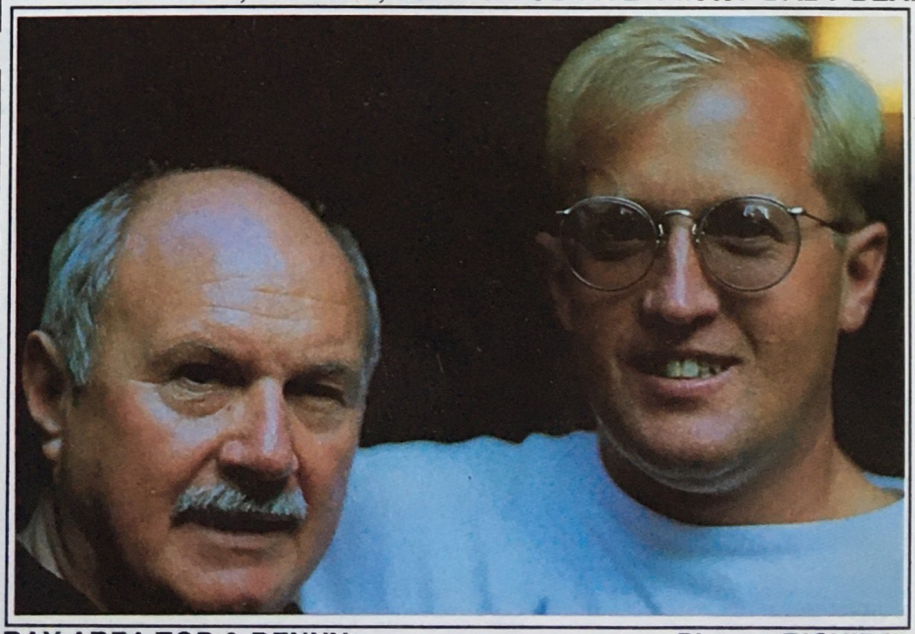
PAPA BEAR Photo: BABY BEAR



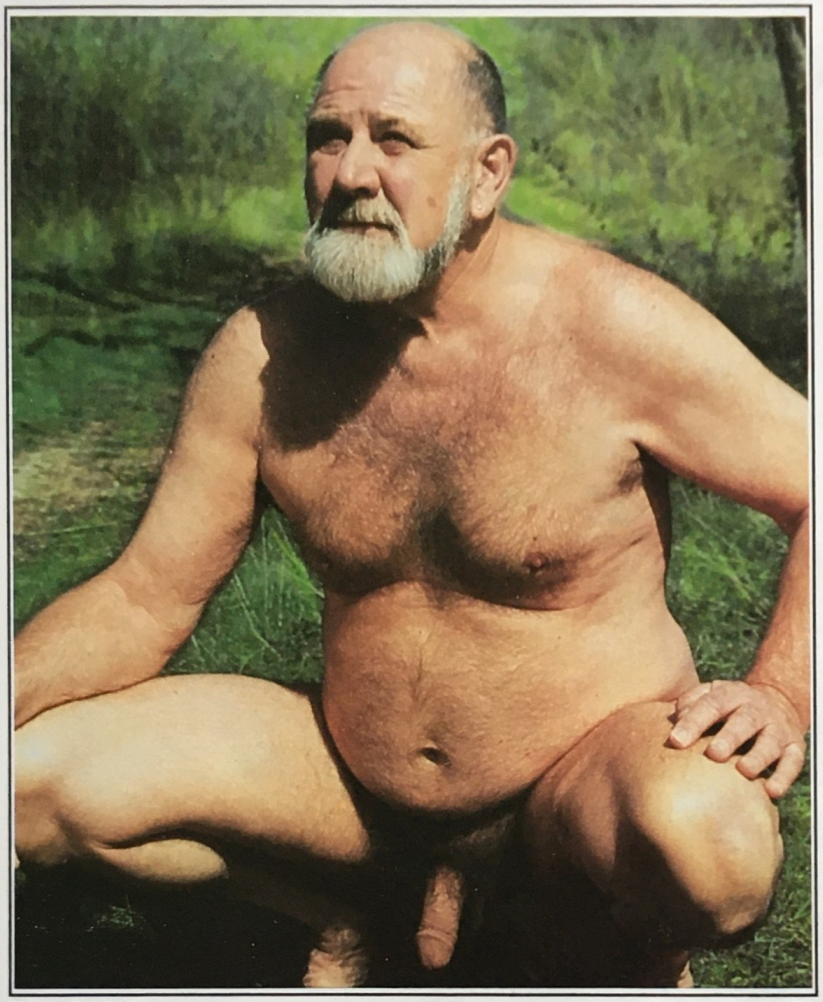
FLORES Photo: RICHIE II

BAREKAT, CHARLIE, JOHN & BOB FIVE Photo: BABY BEAR

BAREKAT & BRAD Photo: JACOB



BAY AREA TOP & DENNY Photo: RICHIE II



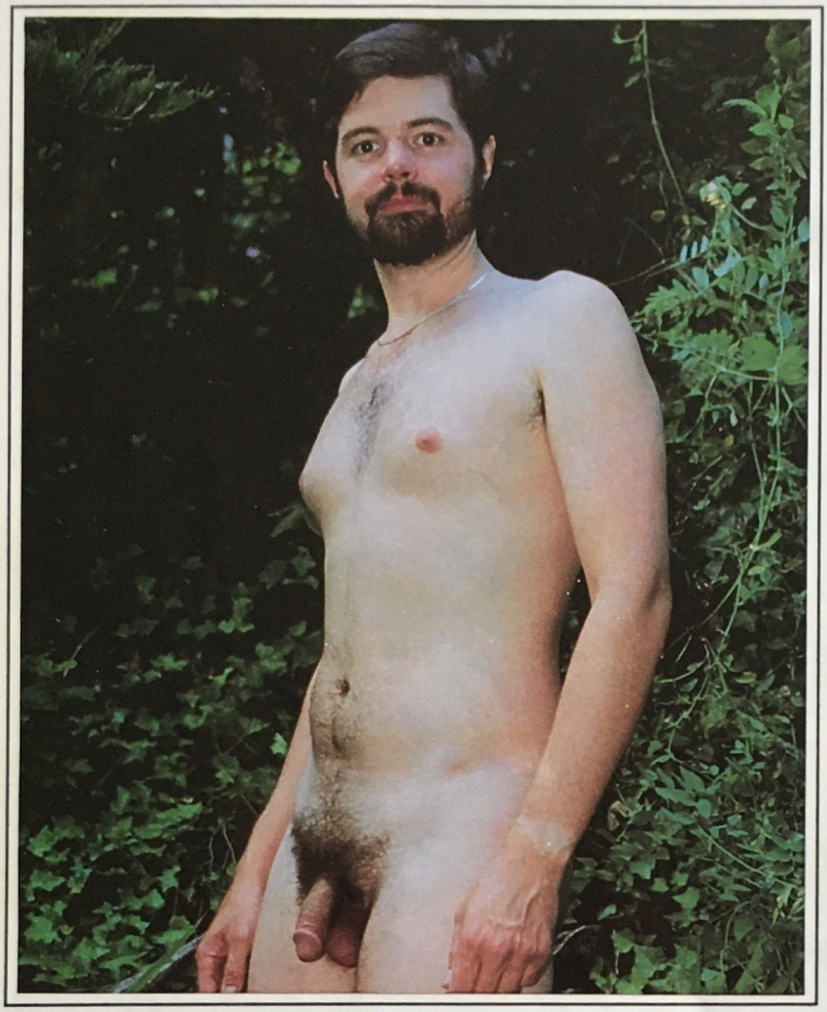
BIG PAW Photo: JOEL

WALTER MITTY Photo: JOEL

DRAGON Photo: B.G.

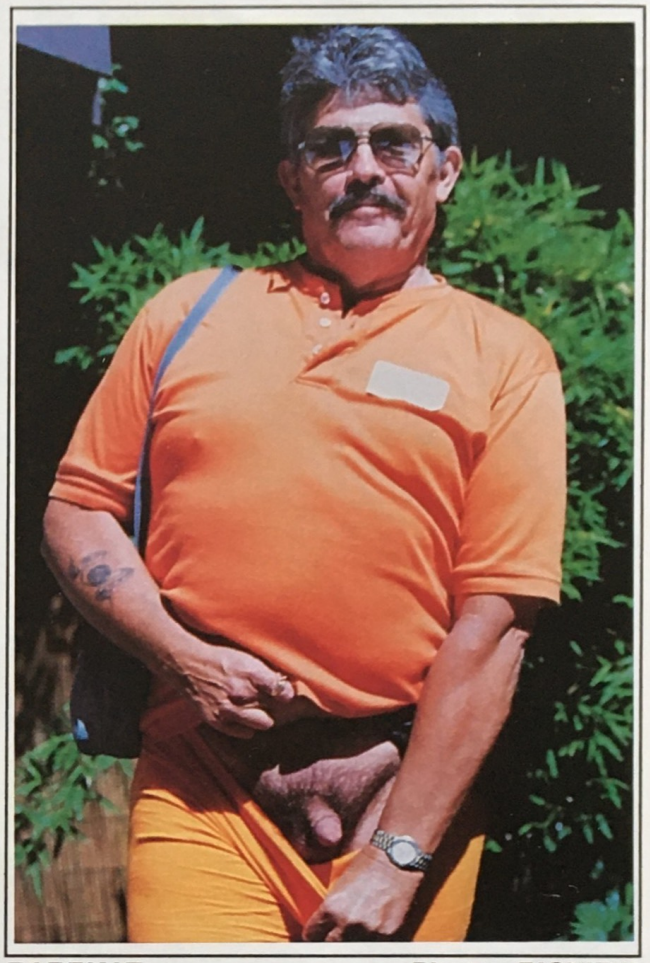
HORNED TOAD Photo: JOEL

A FINAL MASTERPIECE . . .



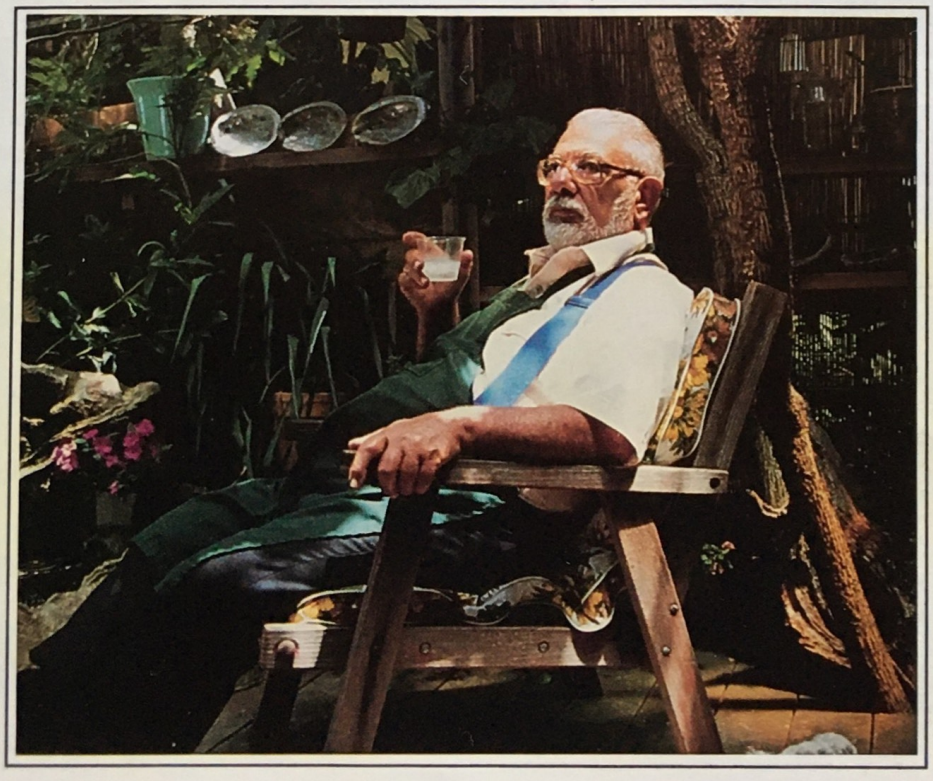
JOEL Photo: RICHIE II

A FINAL FLASH . . .



BAREKAT Photo: RICHIE II

AND THEN . . . "THANK GOD, IT'S OVER!"



PAPA BEAR
Photo: CHARLIE

Fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

THE CORRESPONDENT

February 19

Dear Benjamin Langley:

Thank you for responding to my ad. I'm sorry my return letter comes six weeks after your wonderful letter was written, but I just received it today. I suppose I should not admit it, but your letter is the first, and most likely, the only response to my ad. I don't know if you have ever placed an ad in a magazine, but it can be a fairly formidable task to attempt to summarize your whole being and what you are seeking in twenty words or less. It becomes even more impossible when one is my age (fifty-four by the way), is rapidly losing his hair, suffers mightily whenever the temperature drops below twenty degrees, and is absolutely astonished at the number of new liver spots which manage to appear in the most surprising places each passing month.

I suppose I should begin by saying that my real name is Herschel Hobart. (Yes, I am Jewish and am neatly trimmed in case either fact somehow makes a difference.) I am married and continue to support a wife and one son, both of whom fled years ago when I attempted to hide a fairly innocent, male-oriented magazine in the back of my bedroom dresser drawer. A rather stupid indiscretion on my part, to be sure, for which I will continue to pay forever, as my wife refuses to remarry and my son, who has two Ph.D.s and three M.A.s, now wishes to embark on a new educational venture at another private university. Who says male-oriented magazines are a cheap, safe substitute for the real thing!

You indicated that you travel a lot on your job and that you occasionally get to St. Paul on business. I, on the other hand, am a pretty sedentary fellow—a computer programmer—and run my own consulting business from a very cramped, two-bedroom condominium overlooking a freeway. Not much to speak of, but it's home. And I definitely would find room for you should you come to St. Paul and wish to stay here. No obligations on your part. (Don't wish to frighten you away!)

I'm not sure where I'm headed with this letter. After re-reading it, I sound a little silly, I suppose. I'm new at this. Please write again.

Sincerely,
Herschel Hobart

March 13

Dear Benjamin,

Thank you for your wonderful letter. You sounded a bit depressed and lonely, but I suppose I would feel that way, too, if I had to spend a week in Cleveland battling the flu while trying to convince someone to sign a long-term contract for automotive parts. At least you are now back in sunny San Diego. If it makes you feel any better, we just set a record for seven days of below zero temperatures! My creeping arthritis is literally screaming for relief! Your hot tub sound just decadent to me since the closest thing I can wallow in is a shallow bathtub designed for, and by, midgets, I swear!

I had to laugh at your reaction to my son, the professional student. Do you suppose we could somehow pair your drop-out daughter with my lazy son and ship them off to where there is no mail delivery, telephone, or check-cashing service? God forbid if either of them ever had to work for a living! What did we do to deserve such hopeless incompetents? Don't answer that because we both probably know the answer.

I don't know why we should feel so guilty over our attraction to men, then try to compensate for our natural desires by eternally subsidizing our wives and spoiling our children. Do you suppose we are just the products of our own middle-class backgrounds and accept the responsibility of our mistakes? If so, we somehow failed to transmit that ethic to our own spoiled brats!

Enough of family problems! Here we are, two middle-aged gay men, who are trying to get to know each other, yet devote most of our letters to our ex-wives and children. If we ever have the opportunity to meet, we'll probably spend the evening pouring over old family picture albums!

On the other hand, probably not!!

I'm not sure how to approach the subject of sex, but I feel I should in case you decide to continue corresponding with me, which I hope with all my heart you will choose to do. I'm quite inexperienced, to be totally honest. I tried the bar scene, but as you might expect, my age was a real problem in attracting anyone. Once, out of desperation, I brought a young hustler back to the apartment. He let me give him a blow job for $50.00, and then wanted another $50.00 to sate my own needs. I wish I could say I declined the offer, but I didn't. Needless to say, it was the most heartless, joyless act I have ever experienced. When it was all over, I asked him if I could at least kiss him or just hold him in my arms for a few moments. His response was that kissing would cost another $25.00, and he preferred not to touch my "fat," hairy body. (I'm not fat, by the way. Pleasantly plump and a little soft, but hardly obese!) With what little dignity I yet had, I declined the offer and quickly ushered him out of the apartment as he seemed to be casing the place for valuables of which there are none.

To be a little more direct, I've never sought the sexual gymnastics seen on gay porn videos. (I have a collection of one only. Sort of a unique video I discovered by accident. It features men over fifty! Imagine that! God forbid that middle-aged men should find each other attractive and then become a commercial commodity at that.)

God, how I digress! Anyway, my sensual desires are more of the romantic sort. Lots of holding, caressing, feeling a man's chest hair brush against my face. Sort of old-fashioned romance. And that rarely passes for sex nowadays, I suppose. I don't put much stock in size and endurance; I don't appreciate the smell of leather or sweat or old, torn denims; and I place even less importance on the outward appearance of the man. I guess I sound a little boring and terribly Midwestern, but I'm trying to be honest with myself.

Sorry about all the digressions in my letter. Please write again.

Fondly,
Herschel

April 10

Dear Ben,

Thank you for the warm, tender letter. Sorry to hear you picked up a dreadful head cold in Seattle. The weather here continues to be miserable, if that makes you feel any better. But at least I have a pot of tulips blooming in all their glory on my tiny balcony. A sure sign that summer will hopefully arrive some day!

I had to laugh at your depiction of the young trick who once wanted you to tie him up and then lick his toes. What next? Of course, maybe I shouldn't knock it until I've tried it, as they say. Who knows what delights yet await me! I just had better hurry as I'm still trying to get on first base with an offer of a little old-fashioned love. I likewise loved the long, curly chest hair you taped to the bottom of your letter. Hardly sufficient to send me into raptures, but who knows? After ten more years of receiving your letters, I could possibly have enough of your hair to glue to a piece of silk and sew onto my pillow! By then I'll probably be too old and discouraged to care! Just a couple of silly old fools, the young studs would say. At least we have a sense of humor and can laugh at our own foibles!

But now I wish to become more serious. Ben, you are beginning to touch some deep-felt heart strings within me. I'm not sure how that's possible in just three letters, yet I become sort of warm and sentimental just thinking about you and awaiting your next letter. You don't know how many times I've read and reread your letters, pondering what you've written and even those thoughts at which you've only hinted. But I'm about to confess that I'm *willingly* falling in love with a man I've never met but know in my heart to be a wonderful, unique human being.

It's not a fiery, sexual lust I feel for you, Ben. I doubt if either of us are that way any longer. But the terrible emptiness within me reaches out to the utter loneliness to which you confessed. Can you somehow understand how much I want to hold you, even if just for one brief moment? My arms ache for you, Ben. Is there even the remote chance that we could somehow meet? If I have somehow misread or misunderstood you, please forgive me. I'm not trying to force your hand and probably should destroy this letter. But I'm going to mail it quickly before my better judgment and reason overrule my heart.

With love,
Hersch

May 11

Dearest Ben,

You will never know how devastated I felt when I watched the final passenger debark from your flight, and no you. The road back to the condominium was the longest I had ever driven. I rushed back to the airport twice, certain I had confused the number of your incoming flight. Finally, I came to my senses and just drove back to St. Paul—to a totally cleaned apartment, a burned roast beef, two unused tickets to the symphony (I had planned to surprise you since I know how much you love classical music), and a devastating emptiness.

I had thought of calling you as the hours and then the days ticked slowly by. But I realized something must have come up, over which you had no control. And I likewise reasoned that my emotions had gotten the best of me. Your letter confirmed what any sensible man should have understood. You see what you have done to me!

Hopefully, you will have no further difficulties with your credit card. I can't believe the accounting mess you described! Freezing all your credit is a pretty ballsy thing to do! Especially when it's their error and not yours. I just hope I never encounter the nightmare you described.

Ben, I wish I had the artistry to respond to the longing passion you described in your letter. It sort of took my breath away to think I could be the recipient of the kind of love you hold in your heart for me. If I attempted to respond in kind, it would seem like the steamy, pornographic prose of a pimply-faced teenager. And I don't wish to embarrass myself in that way. Just be assured that if you can arrange another week's vacation for a trip to St. Paul, your ardent passion for me will not go unrequited.

Until we meet, know that you have become far more than just a special loving person to me.

In fondest love,
H.

August 24

Dear Benjamin Langley:

I am sure you will be surprised when you receive this letter. Your kind, understanding warden assured me that he would allow one more letter to reach you in your isolation cell, although he sincerely wondered why on earth I would wish to write to you again. I sometimes wonder, likewise, why I should bother to write one final letter.

My initial feelings of bewilderment, then outrage, have long passed. Most of all, it saddens me to wonder how many other men you have hurt deeply and who have not yet found the strength or will to begin again in the search for a companion in their twilight years. How many other men have brushed aside their better judgment and wired you the money you supposedly needed for air fare for your impending visit? I would imagine right now you are thoroughly enjoying the thought that just possibly I am still pining for you and masturbate hourly with your purple prose clutched tightly in my sweaty hand. Sorry to disappoint you so, Ben. Maybe the following will stir your bewilderment and outrage as you once did mine!

For one week I punished myself for having dared to be so foolhardy as to search for a kindred heart. I almost convinced myself that I was yet alone in life because I was unworthy of another's affection. After all, wasn't there something fundamentally wrong with a fifty-four-year-old man who had only a failed marriage, a hopeless son, and no circle of gay friends within a metropolitan area as large as the Twin Cities? Yes! There had to be something radically wrong with a hopeless reject like me! My misery and self-loathing were finally complete. I could fade away and become what was expected of me. My self-pity was almost comforting.

But thanks to you, Ben, that bleak scenario lasted but a week. I had taken a chance once. My search for happiness would not end with your miserable attempt to extort money from me. I was still capable of love, still capable of reaching out to find someone who would love me for what I am. And armed with that determination, I wrote a dozen men who had likewise placed an ad in that very same magazine. Men, who like me, sought someone with whom to share their lives and were willing to take the chance I had taken with you.

Exactly one month ago, HE knocked on my door, handed a rather startled me my letter, and indicated that he

lived three floors directly below me. We spent the rest of the afternoon bowled over with laughter concerning that coincidence and also shed a few tears as we shared our pasts. And would you believe it, we even got to our family picture albums!

Guess I had best cut this short, Ben. John will soon be here with the scalloped potatoes, and I have a roast beef in the oven. We're getting a little tired of riding up and down the elevator with dinner, toothbrushes, and pajamas each night, so we have decided to move into a three bedroom condominium one floor above me. So I guess this means John and I are forever indebted to you, Ben. But don't expect me to think too fondly of you.

Sincerely,
Herschel Hobart

P.S. I'm returning your chest hair and one of my own. Just a little something by which to remember me! John refused to part with one strand of his meager chest hair, otherwise I would have begun your collection with two strands! Sorry about that.

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE resides in the Twin Cities. He is an active volunteer at Quatrefoil Library and enjoys reading, gardening, and corresponding with CR subscribers. Unlike Herschel in the story above, he has yet to receive a "questionable" letter from a reader or CR subscriber!

THE BigAd

THE MAGAZINE FOR FULL-FRAMED MEN AND THEIR ADMIRERS

Personal Ads!

Sizzling HOT Stories!

Centerfolds: Chunks Hunks, Bears & More!

CALL TODAY for your subscription kit or more info.

1-800-783-2441

THE BigAd

2966 Diamond St., Suite 448
San Francisco, CA 94131

NOW AVAILABLE

40-PLUS Volume 1

TRIPLE HIT

+ THE FRANK GARBO SHOW & DRUNK ON SPUNK

ONLY $59.95

PLUS $5.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING

17 MATURE SPUNKERS 90 HOT MINUTES

40-PLUS PRODUCTIONS·124 UPLAND TERRACE (D)
COLLINGDALE, PA 19023-USA

.....

PLEASE SEND ME 40-PLUS VOL.1 IN THE ( ) VHS ( ) VIDEO-8 FORMAT. I AM ENCLOSING $59.95 + $5.00 S&H. PA. RES. ADD 6.5% TAX ($3.90).

PLEASE SEND TO:

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE...ZIP.....

NEW CARTOONS by QUETZAL!

AT LAST! A COMIC BOOK THAT AIN'T FULL O' HANDSOME MUSCLE-BOUND GUYS PRANCIN' AROUND IN TIGHTS!

SILVER BALLS

A 24-PAGE COMIC BOOK

...'CAUSE WHO NEEDS THEM DAMN TIGHTS, ANYWAY?!

ONLY $3 PLUS 50¢ FOR POSTAGE TO: QUETZAL
P.O. BOX 46095 • LOS ANGELES, CA 90046

— YOU MUST STATE THAT YOU ARE OVER 21! —

1318 Crescent Hts., L.A.

OUTSIDE USA POSTAGE $1.50

Fiction by FUZZTONE

DEEPER THAN ALL ROSES

i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses.
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands.
e. e. cummings

I saw Lowell often in those days. He was an electrician working with a construction company that built office parks and buildings throughout the state. I was working my way through college, in my fourth year, trying to make something of myself before my dad died and the effort became pointless.

Pardon me if I sound bitter. My older brothers were dismal failures at life, and the baton was thrown to me, slippery as it was with their combined misery. From my high school days until the day he left this world to go wherever unhappy, miserly old men go when they pass on, my father and I barely tolerated each other. I often swore to myself that I would never be like him, but as the days pass by, I become more and more aware of the influencing traits I inherited from him. It's more than a little discomforting, like finding out the shoes you thought were your own are someone else's after all . . . and uncomfortably small.

I'd been hired as an assistant first-shift manager at a convenience store since I was familiar with that line of work. It wasn't far from the campus, and the job fortunately paid enough so that I was able to live alone in an apartment. After living in the dorms during my first three years of college, I liked that.

While I worked at the convenience store, I saw hundreds of customers in a day. We exchanged goods and money, sometimes pleasantries, and sometimes (even though I didn't encourage it) their commonplace life problems. Some men come and go and are forgotten immediately. Quiet, unassuming, breezy and unremarkable, their presence of body and personality isn't noteworthy.

But Lowell . . . . If I were poetic, I would write something eternal about him, something crisp and memorable, like bright leaves in October. It was in the first days of that month when Lowell and I became friends. As a customer, he stopped in several times a week for cigarettes and six-packs of beer for after (and I think probably during) work. My life, so filled with the final semester of college, research papers and tedious arguments with dogmatic professors, a sick and dying father, the tedium of routine busy employment at the store, and the oncoming rush of uncertain future realities, was suddenly impacted by this man like a boulder crashing into the path. The first time he came into my sight, I was unnerved by his presence.

I first saw him as a shape. Lowell was outside the store, his back to me, talking to Elaine, the store manager. The mid-morning rush was upon me and the sight of this huge, virile man was enough to disrupt my concentration. It broke my stride, making me forget what I was doing and exactly how much change I was supposed to give the man from pump six.

Although average in height, he was large-framed with wide shoulders and a beefy back like a work horse. He was balding on top, with his hair cut short and neatly combed. He was wearing a T-shirt and overalls. When he moved, I could sense the strength, the subtle shifting of muscular flesh under the loose shirt. The constraints of the worn denim overalls emphasized his strong back, his round, full ass, his thick and powerful legs. I guessed that at one time, he must have been serious about weight-lifting. He had the shape of a man who had worked out with weights for a time, achieved his goals and then, over time, gradually stopped.

He finished talking to Elaine and entered the store. He came and went so fast that day, but to me he wasn't just another business transaction in the morning rush. I never forgot his round masculine face with its full beard, the facial lines and his smile. He was warm and friendly, and the thick hair on his forearms glistened as he paid me in singles. When I gave him his change, I wanted to reach out and touch his face, run my fingers through his dark brown beard flecked with grey. I wanted to do so much more, but I restrained myself. When he left, Elaine called him by name, and when he came in again two days later, I did too.

The following weeks passed painfully. My father became seriously ill and was admitted to the hospital. At Thanksgiving, I took the week off and went to North Carolina to see him. When I returned and saw Lowell again, he expressed concern and asked about my dad. I suppose I opened up to him more than I should have, but he stayed around for about half an hour to listen to me. When I trailed off and shrugged my shoulders in resignation, he offered me a warm smile, put his large, thick-fingered hand on my arm and squeezed. I almost collapsed into his arms then, but kept my composure and thanked him instead. He suggested that we go for a beer together and talk. I told him I would really like to but couldn't leave the store then.

During the next two weeks, I didn't see him at all. At first, I became concerned that the office complex he'd been working on had been completed and that he didn't come by the store because he was no longer working nearby. But other construction workers who were working on the same site were still coming in as before. I finally asked one of them about Lowell. He told me Lowell was having some problems and had taken some time off. The worker didn't elaborate and I didn't ask him to.

I ran into Lowell at the supermarket around the middle of December. My shopping cart had a modest load of convenience foods, mostly frozen and microwave dinners. I hadn't been sleeping much because I was so concerned about Dad and the coming finals. I was also falling behind in my school work. Even though Dad had been released from the hospital, he was still very ill. My older brother, Jason, who was taking care of him, was of the opinion that he wanted to be with our mother who had died five years ago.

When Lowell rounded the frozen food aisle carrying a twelve-pack of beer and a large bag of potato chips, he greeted me with enthusiasm and joined me in the checkout line. He shook my hand, his wide, rough hand grasping mine firmly. He smiled warmly, his thick mustache curling up at the corners of his mouth, the whiskers cascading over his lip like a waterfall. His beard appeared to be soft yet full and dense. I admired his manly features, the short, wide nose, his bright sparkling green eyes. He was wearing a baseball cap, T-shirt and jeans; the weather was cool but not cold.

I let him go ahead of me in line and asked him where

he'd been. His face clouded over somewhat but he recovered quickly. He dropped the beer and chips on the conveyer and said to me as the cashier rang them up: "Well, I got divorced."

I felt a little sick then and really wanted to hide. What a fool I'd been! I had convinced myself that this man was not married, that he wasn't straight, that there was some hope that he could be mine in spite of his elusiveness. He had never worn a ring, had never spoken of women or a wife. I gave him a sheepish, foolish condolence. He shrugged as if to say it wasn't necessary.

"It wasn't real pretty," he said, handing the cashier his money. He waited for me to get through the checkout and even loaned me a five when I came up short.

"You mind if I bum a lift?" he asked as we left the store. "She got the house and car. I moved to an apartment near here but it's a good walk."

"Sure," I said. "But first I want to drop my frozen food off."

He nodded and got into my car.

We sat distressingly close. When I shifted gears, my right hand pushed against his beefy, left thigh several times. I apologized, but he just smiled and didn't move his leg. He talked about his ex-wife, about the six years they basically tolerated each other, about how she had finally given up trying to beat him into submission (his words). I nodded sympathetically though I had no frame of reference. I did have a lover once, but it never went anywhere.

Lowell helped me bring in the groceries and asked me about my dad. While I told him about the situation, I occupied myself with putting away the food. I didn't want to get upset, but I was feeling a lot of guilt for my determination not to give up school to take care of my father. We sat on the sofa and drank beer, Lowell consuming a lot more than I. We talked about many things: dying fathers, dying relationships and dying hearts. I supposed we both had one of those. He asked me if I had ever been married.

I chuckled. "Only to maps and legends. My chosen field of cartography is a dead art," I explained. "City planning and roadwork is all that's left. There are no new frontiers."

"Maybe for some people," he said softly and looked at me. He was sitting on the edge of the sofa, his big forearms resting on his thighs, a can of beer in his hand. He'd had a lot of beer; I was becoming warm, feeling the few I'd consumed. I sat back against the arm of the sofa, my left leg tucked under me, my right leg stretched out and resting on the coffee table, where my textbooks and research notes were sitting, waiting for attention.

"I'm forty-seven years old, and I don't think I've ever been so damn lonely," he said. His voice was resonant, but his speech wasn't slurred. He was not smiling.

My resistance evaporated. I placed my hand on his shoulder. He lowered his head and set the beer can on the table. He sobbed quietly, his back moving, his arms at rest. He didn't make a sound except for his rough, labored breathing. I moved my hand to the back of his neck and held it there, my fingers brushing the hairs peeking up through the collar of his T-shirt. I debated my feelings. Was I taking advantage of him? Was I possibly being selfish?

Lowell looked up at me and said he was all right, that he hadn't meant to be such a baby.

"Lowell," I said through a haze of mixed emotions, "if you need to cry, then do it. You shouldn't feel bad about it."

"But I never loved her," he said and leaned back. I pulled my hand away, but he put his right hand on my left thigh. It felt heavy and alone there. "She wanted me to love her but I couldn't."

"Why did you marry her?"

He shrugged and looked at me with moist eyes. Tears had dampened his beard. "I'll never know."

I realized then that I had fallen in love with him, idiot that I was!

He was watching me look at him, and I felt his hand move. He slid down and lay against me, his head resting in the crook of my neck and shoulder. My arm was wrapped around behind his neck and over his left shoulder.

"Lowell," I said softly as he gently took my hand and placed it on his chest in the deep center. I felt the thick mat of hair under his shirt. It was more than obvious that I was aroused.

He lay against me on his side, his weight and presence more than I could handle. I'm not a small person, so it wasn't really his physical weight. It was the weight of all the longing for him I had suppressed.

"Lowell," I said again. I touched his face, ran my fingers through his beard. It was so very soft. He hugged me then, wrapping his big arms around my midsection and holding me tightly.

I said his name a third time and he looked up at me. "I don't want to take advantage of you. You've been drinking and I . . . I . . . " My voice trailed off; I took a deep breath and sighed.

Lowell smiled and held his hand against my face, touching my beard. "You aren't. I've spent my entire life running from one thing or another. I just can't run any more. Not from how I feel. Not from how I have to be. I've been married twice and both times I was miserable."

He framed my face with his hands. When he looked into my eyes, he must have seen someone who was unsure and afraid. I said his name again, but when he kissed me, my fear slipped away like a ghost. We lay there for a time, just holding one another, feeling the closeness and warmth. We both needed those things, from different perspectives perhaps, but the same needs nonetheless. On my small sofa, we were like two spoons cuddled together against the fear of the unknown, hoping this moment wouldn't end too soon. When I got up, Lowell followed me through the kitchen into my small bedroom. We stood there, the bare wooden floor cold against our equally bare feet. I bent to start up the kerosene heater, but he gently stopped me.

"We'll keep ourselves warm tonight," he said, and began to undress me like I was a child, laying my clothes over a broken chair by the window, its shade pulled halfway down. My cat watched us with curiosity, perhaps wondering just what I had done to deserve this.

When he was finished, he smiled as I undressed him. We stood naked together. The cat encircled us, marked us and moved on, unimpressed. Lowell's cock was like his fingers, short and thick, hanging heavy over pendulous balls. Being with him like this, I felt alive, basking in his presence. We fell to the bed together and spent the night creating friction to keep ourselves warm.

I graduated without ceremony from college, a late starter and a late finisher. Lowell had my diploma framed, surprising me with it as an early Christmas present. I called my father's home daily and talked with Jason and sometimes Philip, my other brother. During one phone call, Philip cried as he told me

how Dad had said to him and Jason that he loved them. Dad had never been much on endearments before, so Jason's reaction was cynical as always. He figured Dad was just trying to get into heaven now. I thought, of the three of us, Jason will be most like our father.

Lowell and I spent Christmas eve on the floor of the living room. We had cut our own tree, decorated it with my sparse ornaments, and lay next to it all night, talking and sharing our lives. He told me he loved me. I held his hand and told him I loved him, too. We opened presents at midnight then slept on the floor by the tree.

I woke up out of a deep sleep a few hours later and knew that my father was dead. I tried to get back to sleep, but it wouldn't come. At six in the morning, I called the house, waking Philip.

"Dad is dead," I told him.

I heard a choking sound, and then the sound of his footsteps. In the distance I heard him start to cry. Lowell made coffee and sat beside me, holding me while I waited for one of my brothers to pull himself together enough to get back to me. Finally, Jason picked up, and I told him I'd be there in a few hours.

Lowell came with me. I figured Philip and Jason must have caught on long ago, but I didn't care. Lowell did most of the driving there and back. He kept to himself while we were there; he said he just didn't want to get in the way.

On a cold, windy December afternoon, I helped carry my father's coffin from a black car to a hole in the ground. I didn't cry. I would miss him. I did already, but we had never been close, had never shared a common ideal or told each other "I love you." But I did love him. And when they put him in the ground, I said good-bye to him.

A few weeks later, Lowell's final settlement with his last ex-wife was completed. She'd backed up a couple of steps with her demands.

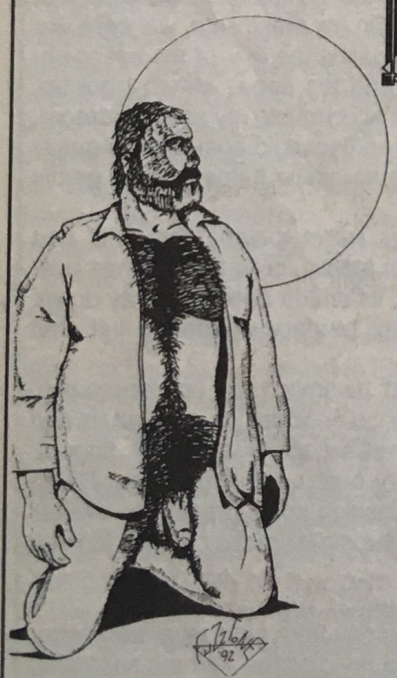
When the deal was finalized, Lowell and I bought a house and moved in the following spring. I quit the convenience store for a job more in line with my field; Lowell changed jobs, signing on with a construction company that did business mostly in the local area.

Now when Lowell smiles, which is often these days, there are a few more grey hairs that glisten in his mustache. And my shoes fit a lot better these days, too.

FUZZTONE does it all. He's an excellent artist, a poet of distinction and, as you can see above, one hell of a story teller. A 25-year-old, 5'-10", 270# bearcub with a reddish-brown beard, he's looking for brother and papa bears for warm friendships and affection.

Fuzztone Graphics

If it's quality erotic artwork you're seeking, then look no further than this ad!



Artwork for bears, bear lovers, chubbies & chasers, mature men and their admirers alike!

•Pencil•

•Pen & Ink•

•Colored Pencil•

•Portraits•

•Designs•

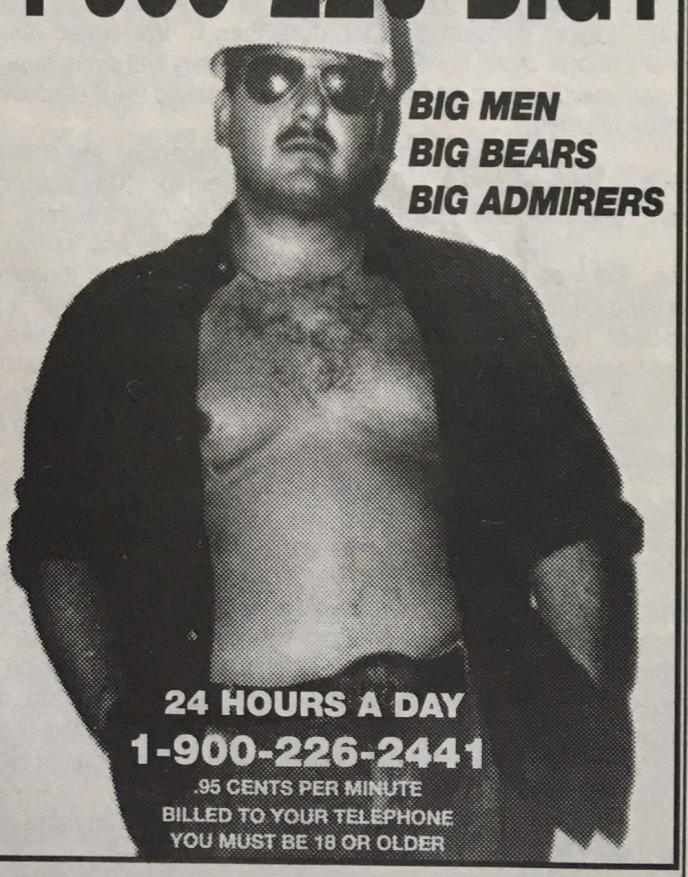
•Custom Illustrations•

Invest in top quality artwork! Send a business-sized SASE for information and pricing to:

Fuzztone Graphics

300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D
Charlotte, N.C. 28211-2806

1-900-226-BIG1



THE ARTWORK OF KEMUSH

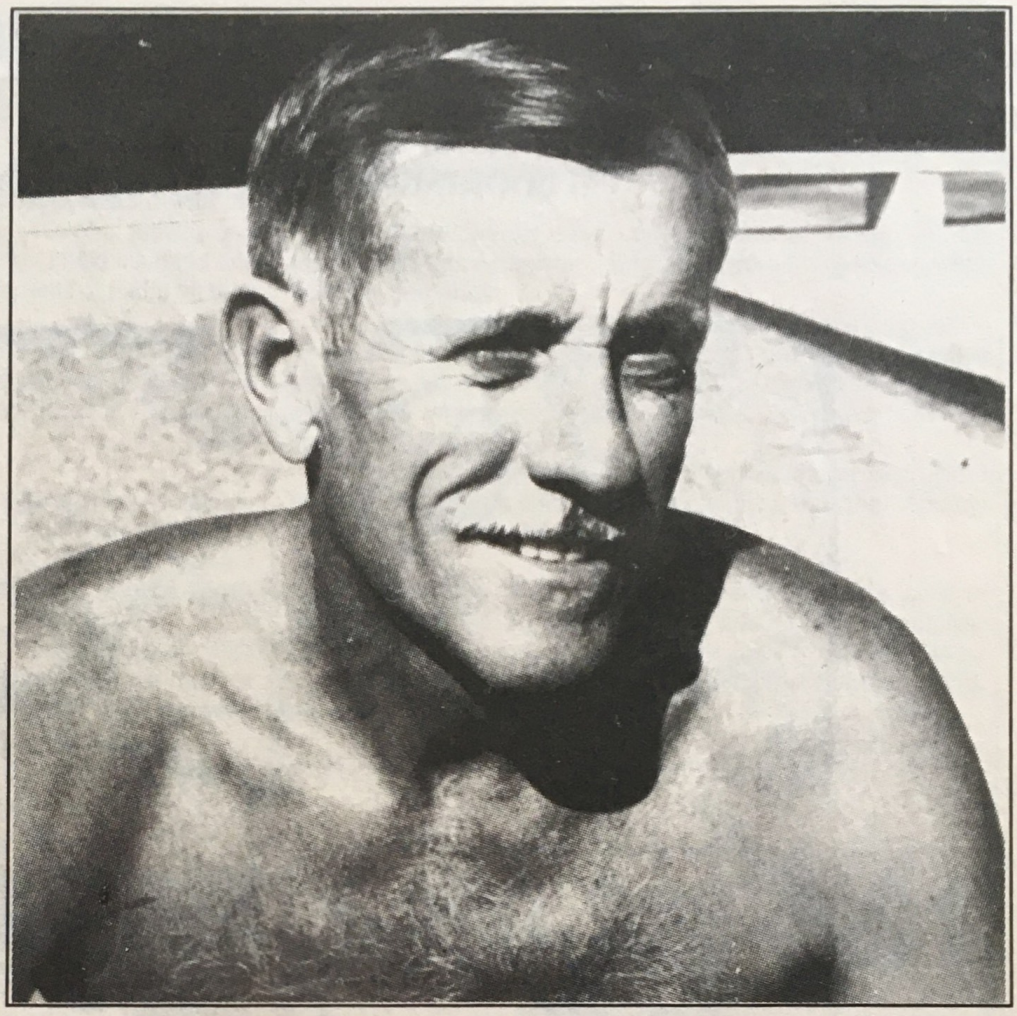
I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER!

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has lived with fellow artist, BILL THREE, for 26 years. He collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. We will feature some in full color in a future issue.

THE WOODSMAN

photo by JEAN

He's 55, 6'-1", 180#, and lives in a Washington forest near a waterfall. He seeks a lifemate who is stocky, mature and perhaps looks a little like RUSSIAN BEAR or EX-LOGGER. He can relocate for the right person.

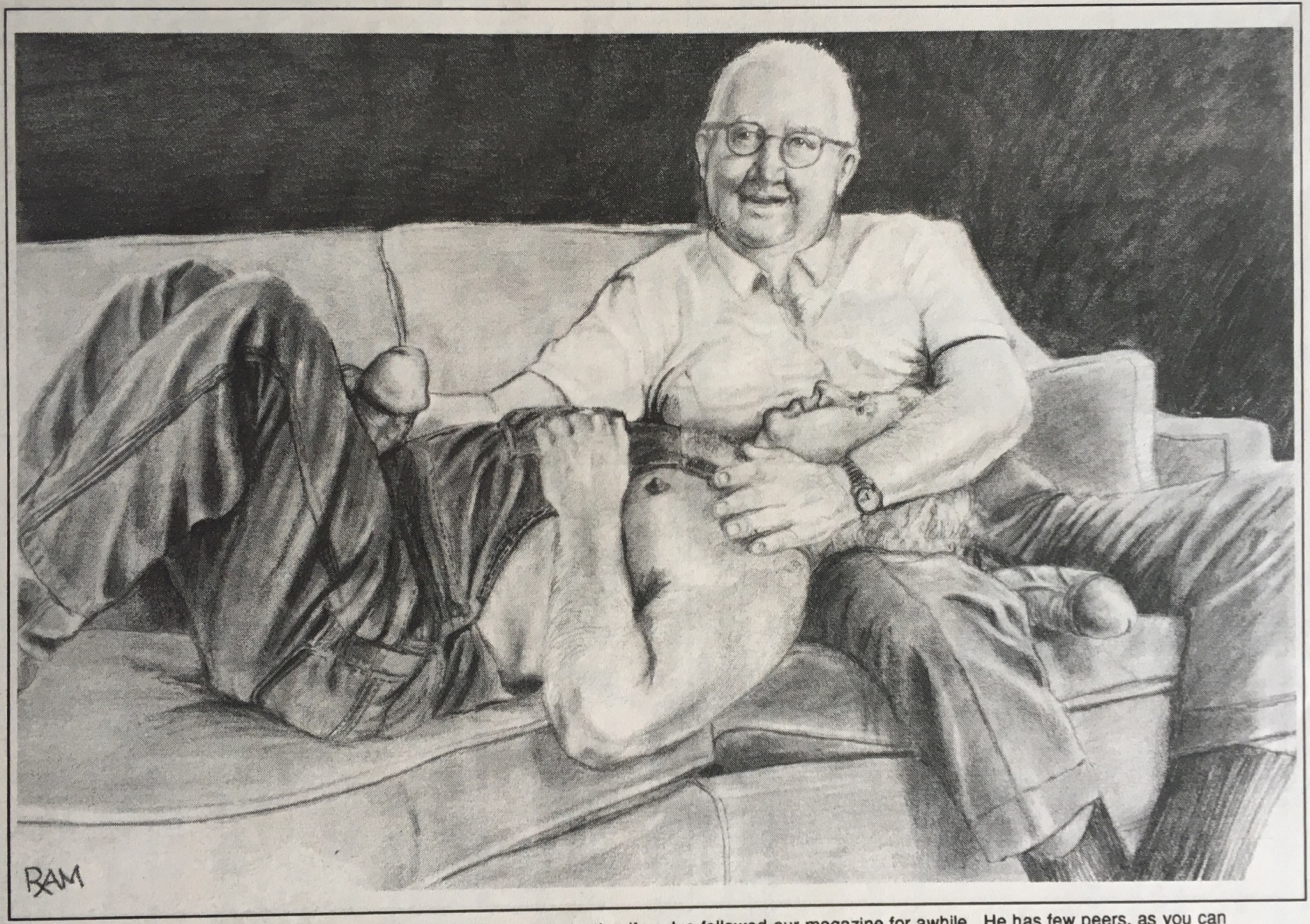


JOEL

photo by TRAVIS

See JOEL's profile on page 25.

THE ARTWORK OF RAM



RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed our magazine for awhile. He has few peers, as you can probably surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

THE ARTWORK OF SAM

SAM is a 49-year-old professional watercolor artist of Japanese descent. He lives in Southern California.

THE CR CLASSIFIEDS

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTE: Unforwardable letters will be returned with brief explanation on back of envelope. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

ALABAMA

(10/92) SOUTH ALABAMA: GWM, 32, 5'-10", 160#, black/blue, financially secure, seeks over 40, 5'-6" to 5'-10", 220-300#, hairy chest/belly. Well endowed a plus. Photo please. Write: **SOUTHWIND**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 60, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV negative). I am strictly a TOP and am seeking men under 50 for safe sex. Enjoy light S&M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional business travels to major U.S. cities. Write: John, P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Gay Asian, late 30s, good-looking, well-proportioned, well-educated, professional, financially secure, warm-hearted, well-traveled, seeks lifetime friendship and love from an older gentleman. Pluses: late 50s, cherubic looks, RAM type, financially secure, fond of travel, kind-hearted, lover of the good life, grey hair, medium to stout in weight, well-endowed, uncut . . . someone who enjoys uninhibited, prolonged lovemaking. Appreciate your photo and phone number if possible. **GREAT LOVER**

(10/92) DADDY WANTED: Sexy, attractive, honest, professional, athletic GAM, 20s, seks a 40+ discreet gentleman to love, please and fulfill my fantasies. I have great respect and admiration for mature men. I also love your body. You must appreciate the companionship of a younger person. Jon, P.O. Box 92, San Jose, CA 95103. Picture please (returnable). Nude welcomed.

(10/92) TIME-SHARE WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL: 51, retired, 5'-11", 200# (and losing) brown eyes, salt & pepper hair and beard (more salt than pepper), HIV negative, uncut, prefer the same, but not a must. Enjoy collectables, walking, the moon, romantic times and places, travel. Am looking for 45+ nonsmoker, drug-free companion to share life and love. Write: **MYKAEL/CONCORD**

(8/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 61, 5'-11", 155#, good-looking, excellent body, tattoos, moustache, sideburns, blue eyes, athletic, hairy chest, balding, HIV negative, French active, Greek passive, would like to meet men any age, any weight in country setting anywhere in No. California. Don K. (415) 255-0970.

(NS8/92) SAN FRANCISCO SAUSAGE STUFFER: Horny, 34, 5'-11", 165#, GWM, with 7-1/2" slightly curved downward sausage which is looking for a depraved, dentured, deep throat. Be trim, able to gum and get force-fed thick cock for long sessions. Write: J.T., 701 Taylor #506, San Francisco, CA 94108.

(8/92) SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: SWM, 58, 5'-10", 200#, graying blond, blue, seeks secure male, 55+ for friendship first. I am a neophyte who would like a low-key, good-natured mentor. No pain, degradation, drugs or excessive alcohol use. Absolute discretion and cleanliness expected and assured. I am also interested in contacting a male nudist group. Descriptive letter and P/P requested. Photo will be returned if SASE is included. **NEO**

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 59, 6'-2", 198#, nonsmoker, bald, stable, retired, financially secure, hairy chest, caring, very relationship-oriented, HIV negative. You: under 40, open to friendship and, hopefully, much more. Perhaps able to travel. Write: **JIM**

(NS2/93) SEEK TOTAL TOP for lasting monogamous relationship. I'm 61, HIV negative, attractive, tall, trim. Always horny for total submission. Need authoritarian, any age, sensuous, into dominance, control and power. Photo appreciated. DW,

P.O. Box 472, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(8/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, non-smoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Write: **BAREKAT**

(8/92) LONELY IN LONG BEACH: Will some nice guy, age 65 or over, come and share my home? I am a young 76-year-old man of average size. I am A/P French and need a friend. Write: Jack Kepr, 325 W. 3rd St., #109, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(8/92) SAN DIEGO: I'm 50, 5'-8", 200#, brown hair, blue eyes, nonsmoker, French A/P. Looking for hairy, 55-70 non-smoker, French A/P, similar to FRIAR, Wilford Brimley, ZIPPER, IRON WORKER, etc. Please write with photo: **WOLVERINE**

(8/92) HIGH DESERT ABOVE PALM SPRINGS: Masculine Hispanic man, 56, 5'-6", 185#, healthy, easy-going, sincere, romantic, passionate, good sense of humor, very oral. Likes to have fun with men 55+ (no limit). Prefer heavy men. No kink or pain. Write: **THE LATIN**

(NS8/92) SAN DIEGO: Bi white male, slim, masculine, seeks same, 62 to 75 only, for friendship and more. I'm widowed, 5'-10", clean-cut, attractive, educated, discreet. Write: L.T., P.O. Box 211, Carlsbad, CA 92018

(8/92) ORIENTAL: 37, 5'-10", 150#, pleasant-looking, HIV negative, versatile, stable, secure. Enjoy travel and theater, etc.. Like to meet sincere, heavy-set GWM, 50+ for intimate friendship. Photo appreciated (will return) Write: **SMILEY OF L.A.**

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(10/92) HIGH DESERT: BiWM, 54, 5'-8", 198#, silver hair, moustache, very muscular and rugged, orally bisexual, looking for white male, straight or bi, preferably married, who is looking for expert oral fun on the way to Las Vegas. Reciprocation not necessary. Convenient to Highway 18 and Interstate 15. Write: **MAN'S MAN**

COLORADO

(8/92) RETIREMENT COMPANION: Big, healthy, GWM, 61, literate, financially stable homeowner, would like to hear from similar to explore possibilities here or there. Please write to DOWLING, 113 South Vance Court, Lakewood, CO 80226.

CONNECTICUT

(8/92) NEW ENGLAND/NEW YORK: GWM, 50, 6 ft., 225#, wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. Me: French active, love water sports, scat and other good sex! For a goodtime, write: **WET**

(NS8/92) GENTLE GIANT WANTED: GWM, 56, 5'-9", 180#, grey hair, moustache, nonsmoker, active. healthy, many interests, seeks athletic, aware, husky bear (ex-footballer?), 30+, willing to devote time to develop relationship. Please write withphoto. Andy, P.O. Box 147, Storrs, CT 06268.

(2/93 BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(12/92) ABE: You've seen my ads, artwork and photo in the past. If you're older, sexy, hung and masculine, write me. I have a lot to offer. Your photo gets mine. Abraham D. Serrato, P.O. Box 33001, Washington, DC 20033-0001.

GEORGIA

(8/92) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 61, 5'-6 1/2", 235#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(8/92) GEORGIA/SOUTHEAST: GWM, 60, 6'-3", 225#, retired gentleman who doesn't smoke, use drugs, is HIV negative and who likes a quiet, stable home life, who has a distinct love of life, capable of caring for himself; but needs the added touch of love to make life complete, seeks a slender younger man who also meets this discription. Write with photo: **GEORGIA BOB**

(12/92) ATLANTA BIG BEAR SEEKS NEW FRIENDS: 6'-5", 300#, 30, non-drug/smoke. Likes long walks, cuddling, dogs and making new friends. Older, furry gentlemen a plus! Drop me a note. Photo appreciated. Write: Ted, P.O. Box 8194, Atlanta, GA 30306.

(8/92) LONELY, MASCULINE GWM: 39, 5'-11", 180#, brown eyes, brown trim beard. Honest, sincere, loving, warm, affectionate, adaptable. Seeks friends, relationship. Steve Roberts, P.O. Box 3545, Dalton, GA 30721-0545. Age, looks, size not important.

ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(NS8/92) BiWM INTO ALL BUT PAIN/DRUGS: 67, 6'-1", 225#, grey/blue, average size/cut, clean, HIV negative. Want any age or color, French A/P, G/S, G-P. Dorfman, 7040 N. Sheridan, Chicago, IL 60626. Send phone number.

(8/92) ILLINOIS/NATIONWIDE: Planning 4-8 week economy travel to Australia or Africa Jan-Feb '93. Seeking companion to share expenses, great times together, safe sex, no drugs. Me: 59, 6'-1", bald & grey, beard. **TRAVEL'N PARSON**

IOWA

(8/92) IOWA/NATIONWIDE: LOVER WANTED: Very attractive, masculine, assertive, affectionate, intelligent GWM seeks in-shape lifemate or funbuddy. I'm 50, 5'-10", 180#, HIV positive, uncut, A/P French/Greek (mostly top), blue/brown. Great sex and much love awaits you in Iowa. Photo please. Bring some SUNSHINE into your life and mine. Write: **SUNSHINE**

KENTUCKY

(10/92) FRANKFORT: Blind man, age 60, looking for pen pals. Tapes or typed letters. I have a reader. Write: Hugh Hampton c/o Bob Cook, P.O. Box 885, Frankfort, KY 40602.

MARYLAND

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/92) HOW OLD IS A CUB? I'm 47, looking for papa bear, 50+, hairy, chunky, strong, hung. I'm stocky, 5'-10", 190#, hairy, hung, mature, professional, submissive in sex: Greek passive, French active. Masculine top, work me over. Uncut a plus. No booze, smoke, drugs. R. Archibald, P.O. Box 1273, Marblehead, MA 01945.

(8/92) BOSTON AREA: WM couple, mid-60s, retired professionals, committed, closeted and discreet, whose interests are early American antiques, gardening, travel, sports, politics and good conversation. Seek similar, 55+, for friendship. Write: **BOSTON FRIENDS**

MICHIGAN

(12/92) MASCULINE "CUB": 28, 5'-9", 240#, heavy

built, blond, versatile, furry, seeks "Papa Bear" for hopeful lifemate. Attracted to huskies, 30 to 60, furry, BUT OPEN! Relocation discussable, especially to a farm. Write/photo: Mike, P.O. Box 615, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804.

(8/92) MICHIGAN BEAR COUPLE: Going to be in the mid-Michigan area? Stop by Silver Bear Bill and Teddy Bear Ron's den for a big bear hug. We are both bearded bears with soft paws and talented mouths. Write: Bill & Ron, 1406 Granger, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

MISSISSIPPI

(NS8/92) MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST BEAR MUSICIAN: 65, 6'-2", 250#, salt and pepper hair, mustache and beard, seeking super-slender bear cub, to 65, interested in relocating and sharing modest home and quiet lifestyle. Very versatile in bed. Having companionship, ending loneliness, and building security is the bottom line. Photo appreciated. No alcohol, cigarettes or drugs. The Maestro, 11349 S. Creel Circle, Seaway Island, Gulfport, MS 39503-4000.

MISSOURI

(8/92) MIDWEST MUSICIAN PLUS: GBM seeks gentle, loving WM for sincere close relationship. Affectionate, considerate, safe. Fatherly types, uncut, a plus. Your discretion respected. Classically trained musician, artist, massage therapist. Some travel possible. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. Write: **PICCOLO**

NEVADA

(8/92) RENO: Masculine GWM seeks gentle, loving male for close relationship. I am 6 ft., 210#, 50s, balding, beard, nonsmoker/non-druger, HIV negative, 6"/cut and versatile. I enjoy: blues, baseball, fishing, nature, being naked, walking, reading, travel and a relaxed life-style. Write: **BLACKJACK**

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) SEEKING LONELY TOP: who wants friendship and affection. Masculine BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#, good body, good mind, dignified, caring, discreet. Interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual, intellectual. Me: Loyal friend, very affectionate, Greek passive, HIV negative. You: Enjoy controlling erotic responses. Ken (201) 592-6690, evenings and weekends.

NEW YORK

(8/92) DEPRAVED, DENTURED, DEEPTHROAT: Daddy seeking insatiable, lecherous French passives. Prefer, not exclusively, big, husky, hairy blue collar types: tattooed, big-assed, beer guts. Cock size unimportant. Love kissing, nippleplay (mine sizzle!), rimming, watersports. Lie back. Let me gum you to ecstasy. R.A.R., Box 6344, NYC 10163. (212) 684-3582.

(NS8/92) POUGHKEEPSIE: Retired art teacher/artist, 5'-7", 150#, offers companionship to world and local destinations, low-budget, backpack inclusive O.K., summers and January, nonsmoker only, HIV negative, loving. Karlje, 43 Whittier Blvd., Poughkeepsie, NY 12603.

(12/92) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, mustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(8/92) MANHATTAN DADDY LOOKS FOR SON: This 57-year-old, masculine, discreet GWM is looking for friendship-relationship with younger WM who needs some or all the many things an older, generous Dad can bring to a relationship. Please write; if you include a photo it will guarantee a response, and I'll return it to you if you wish. It would give me a lot of pleasure to introduce you to the finer things in life. Write: **WARBUCKLE**

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704)873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC28677.

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bear cub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

(8/92) NC/NATIONWIDE: WM, retired, 65, 6'-2", 210#, caring, clean, excellent health, wishes to correspond and meet other mature males for friendship and more. No drugs. Photo appreciated. Write: **ATHOS**

(10/92) NORTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 73, 5'-7", 140#, blue/brown, 6" cut, HIV negative, retired independent professional, lives alone, assures discreet privacy. I'm gentle, affectionate, considerate, and good conversationalist with sense of humor; liberal with interests in arts, letters, sciences; hobbies include writing, crafts, classical music, and travel (domestic and abroad); seeks older, honest, mature, independent GM disposed toward friendship with intimacy; welcomes frank, detailed correspondence leading to occasional meeting or travel without permanent commitment. All letters answered. Your picture (clothed OK) gets mine. Write to KRB, P.O. Box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

NORTH DAKOTA

(8/92) CENTRAL NORTH DAKOTA: A clean, discreet, GWM, 40+, 5'-7", 180#, hairy & horny, and GWM, 50+, 5'-8", 170#, also hairy & horny. Looking for mature men 50+ for friendship and fun. Love to camp and garden, outdoors. Write with photo to: **DAKOTA FUN**

OHIO

(NS10/92) NATIONWIDE: WM, 48, 6 ft., 175#, professional, secure, retiring early, weightlifter, nonsmoker. Seeks masculine or hairy man, 40-65, for friendship, gentle love, and travel. Photo returned from: D.T., 811 Third Avenue, #C-2, Fremont, OH 43420.

(8/92) WHITE MUSTACHED THINNING DADDY, HORNY: caring, gentle bear, cut, seeks to organize J/O club in Cleveland. Inquiries welcome. Will answer all. GWM, 64, 6'-3", 205#. Photo gets mine. **DR. HANDJOB**

(10/92) NORTHEAST OHIO GWM, 43, 5'-5", 160# seeks singles and couples for fun and friendship. Active and receiving French. But open-minded. I am caring, honest, hard-working and a romantic at heart. Endowed small, but always able to work. Light drink and smoke okay. No drugs. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: Al, P.O. Box 8631, Warren, OH 44484.

OKLAHOMA

(8/92) **BURLY** STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies

answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(8/92) SEEKING SENIOR MEN: GWM, 44, 190#, 5'-11", and sincere about pleasing you. Men over 55 who love to be massaged, kissed and enjoy being loved. I will try to satisfy. I don't smoke or do drugs. I hope to develop honest and sincere friendships as well as safe, gentle sex. Photo gets mine. Write: **S.C. SENIOR PLEASER**

(8/92) SOUTH CAROLINA: GWM, 60, grey/brown hair, brown eyes, good appearance and good equipment. Live in a forest. Enjoy oral and passive anal. I'm 6', 175#, looking for similar GWM or BiWM for serious relationship first. Second: loving fun. Married men welcome! Write: **CAROLINA PINE**

TEXAS

(8/92) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 46, stocky, nice looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O.Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(NS8/92) COLLEGE STUDENT: ex-navy, hopes for friendship/help to finish college. Honest, sincere, please. Michael, Box 7208, Ft. Worth, TX 76111-0208.

(2/93) TEXAS HILL COUNTRY: Seek an exclusive, but not live-in, relationship with a LONE WOLF, BUD TWO, MOUNTAIN MAN, MACK type in the Texas Hill Country. Married okay. I'm very oral, 62, 190#, 6'-1", HIV negative. Photo and phone get immediate reply from **LONE COYOTE.**

(8/92) WHY NOT? Age 32, blond, 5'-8", 165#, hard 7" cut, wants to meet older Daddy who is also masculine and HIV negative, and wants to be a Daddy Bear. What I like is to be the son, but only if you're a real, sincere Daddy, 45+. **DADDY'S SON**

(10/92) HOUSTON/HUMBLE, TEXAS: GWM, early 40s, 6 ft., 200 #, blond, blue eyes, 5-1/2", seeks 55+, greying or white haired fatherly types with interest in outdoor recreation. I love to please seniors who can be firm yet loving. HIV negative a must. Photo in exchange for yours. Write: **SENIOR PLEASER**

WASHINGTON

(10/92)SEATTLE/TACOMA: I'm 65, 5'-7", 190#, stocky, healthy, young-at-heart, fun-loving, and able to travel. Seek younger man with his head on straight for friendship or whatever. Photo a plus. Write: **NORTHWEST STOCKY**

(8/92) LONELY SAILOR: 68, 5'-9", 148#, silver/grey, grey/green, slender, French/Greek passive. Live alone; hate it. Into sailing, books (especially sci-fi, fantasy), classical & jazz, cooking. Semi-retired, 13 years in marine supply. Gentle, affectionate. Seek partner near my age (plus or minus several), like-interests. Your letter and photo will bring prompt response of same. T.L.C., P.O. Box 1023, Pt. Townsend, WA 98368.

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(8/92) HEALTHY EUROPEAN: 42, medium-hairy, well-off, professional, nonsmoker, seven thick, would like RAM type, 55 to 75 years old, well-hung, for fun. Write to: Paul Henry, c/o 542 Askin Blvd., Windsor, Ontario N9B 2X4, CANADA

(10/92) *HOLA!* Middle-age American couple living in Mexico offers CR "family" visitors middle-class Mexican quarters, warm hospitality with hugs (possibly a lot more), and good spirits. Drop us a line. Write: Gene Wagner, P.O. Box 5-944, C.P. 45000, Guadalajara, Jalisco, MEXICO.

(8/92) ENGLAND/INTERNATIONAL: Two masculine, bearded Englishmen, both 190#, fully bearded, experienced, 60+, looking for guys, no age or race hang-ups. Stache and beard, hairy bod, all pluses. For fun and friendship. Correspondence answered immediately. We welcome visitors. Photo appreciated. Write: Leslie Garrett or Jim Cockerton, Hadley Vicarage Lane, Westfield nr. Hastings, TN35 - 4SD, ENGLAND. Telephone 0424 751070.

(10/92) GAY PARIS: French top or lover, dark, 6'-4", attractive (see October 91 issue), HIV negative, French passive, coming to California next December. Seeks 50+ with no beard and no 'stache. If possible, slim and white haired. **FRENCH LOVER**

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PRODUCTS

Hot nostalgia. Private collector selling classic 8 mm male films. Major studios. Models over 18. Inexpensive. Free lists. Write to: Film Sale, Box 172, Pequannock, NJ 07440. (8/92)

PUBLICATIONS

Little magazine of true male sex experiences. $3.00 to RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064 (8/93)

EMPLOYMENT

CHIRON RISING IS LOOKING FOR ONE GOOD MAN: to aid in the day-to-day operations here at Casa de Luna. Must be robust and capable of doing everything from yardwork to non-tech help with magazine to house/dog sitting. Must provide own transportation, live within commuting distance (High Desert/Inland Empire Area), and have own medical insurance. Will be required to work maximum of 5 days a week, 8 hours a day. Lunch provided. Not looking for live-in at this time, but would consider such an arrangement if the right man came along. Salary commensurate with abilities. All ages, races, sizes, sexual orientations considered. This is not a sex ad. Write with salary requirements, employment history. References will be required of those called for interview. Contact CHIRON RISING.

PURCHASE OR LEASE ARRANGEMENT SOUGHT

In early 1993, CHIRON RISING will be looking for a mixed-zoned facility for lease or purchase somewhere in eastern Orange, northwestern San Diego, southwestern San Bernardino, or western Riverside Counties of Southern California. Seek approximately 1200 SF of office/warehouse space with attached, two-bedroom loft or apartment. Contact CHIRON RISING.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

Is an enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast house perched atop a mountain in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking views of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

CD ECSTASY

THE MUSIC OF KIT WATKINS

by P.H. Colley

We are delighted that some very famous and talented musicians are CR subscribers. Foremost on the list is one of America's great modern composers and cultural treasures who lives in Northern California with his lifemate of 25 years. The list also includes a world-class harpsichordist, a famous rock band leader from Belgium, several prestigious music professors, and a couple of quite brilliant concert pianists. I'm sure there are many more we don't know about.

Last month, we received a CD from a subscriber in Virginia. He's a younger man (38) who lives with his older (59) lifemate. The accompanying note read: "I've been enjoying CR since the early days of SWAN and thought I'd share a little of what I do with you. Hope you enjoy the enclosed CD." A quick glance at the cover gave me the impression that it was a "new age" recording along the lines of Shadowfax or Mannheim Steamroller, so I casually put it on to listen through earphones as I exercised on my Nordic Track.

Having studied music most of my life, I've grown tired of the commonplace and find myself longing for a sweeping, dramatic renaissance in music. Basically, I'm a rather jaded listener and crave something unexampled or, at the very least, rare. I dislike heavy metal and most jazz because it all sounds alike to me. Mozart and Verdi mostly bore me to tears, yet some of the works by Strauss and Dupré make my hair stand on end. I am a rabid fan of the more dramatic electronic works of Vangelis and Jean-Michel Jarre, yet I find most new age music rather common. It was therefore a profound shock to my system when I first heard Kit Watkins' "Sampler" CD.

The first cut, "7/8 Segue" interrupted my coordination with a short, intricately rhythmical and progressive jazz piece unlike anything I'd ever heard. (Later, I found out that it was extracted from an album called "In Time," a 1985 collaboration which features progressive jazz and new age music.) And just as the word "fluke" was forming in my mind, along came two back-to-back new age pieces from Kit's 1989-90 solo album, "Sun Struck." The pieces feature breathless, uptempo, driving rhythms and riveting melodic lines. I got off the Nordic Track and read the brochure that came with the disc. It said that "Sun Struck" was created by Kit in his own studio using keyboards, flute, classical guitar, autoharp and voice. Dazed, I got back on the machine just as a piece called "Sahara Sonata" came on. It would prove to be the clincher and still haunts me as of this writing. According to the brochure, it is from another solo album called "Azure," which contains a wide range of music—from jazz stylings and "world" music to ambient textures and nature sounds.

And on it went like that for over 70 minutes, serving up a banquet for my hungry brain. There was a dollop of progressive rock, which I found exciting and highly palatable. There were even two classical pieces in a lyrical/impressionistic style, complete with a synthesized stringed instrument sound more lush and vibrant than the real thing. I had no idea that the state-of-the-art in synthesizers had progressed so far!

Of course, I took the sweet bait and now find myself the proud owner of seven Kit Watkins albums, all of them delightful and covering the full spectrum of musical idioms. My favorite, "Azure," includes a booklet which lists credits (produced and engineered by Kit; music mostly composed by Kit), instruments, computer hardware/software, recording/sound equipment, and Kit's reflections on each piece. Kit also explains how the recording was made and gives some fascinating insights into how far electronic music has evolved.

Throughout my life I've purchased albums because I was moved by a portion of what was recorded. It was worth it, because I could re-record the segments I liked onto a separate cassette tape with all my other favorites. Rarely have I thoroughly enjoyed an entire album. That's why the Watkins recordings are so incredible. All of them hold my attention, their sweeping diversity notwithstanding. This brilliant musician actually leaves earlier synthesizer music gurus like Kitaro, Tomita and Wendy Carlos in the dust. His music rivals and many times "out-uniques" Vangelis and Jean-Michel Jarre, both of whom are to electronic music as Andrew Lloyd Webber is to musical theatre.

But I'm not the only one hooked on Kit Watkins.

WASHINGTON POST: "Unpredictable shifts in tempo, lush orchestral textures and complicated melodic structures . . . technically proficient, creatively daring, high-energy and accessible." *AUDION:* "Watkins has written and performed some sensational music . . . full of invention and creativity, quite beautiful and captivating." *KEYBOARD:* "Watkins crafts CDs of gemlike clarity." "It uses synthesizers to deepen and enhance the mood rather than to make classical pieces 'palatable' or 'relevant.' Bravo, Kit." *ON REFLECTION:* "This is state-of-the-art electronic music that reveals new things each time you listen to it."

So why am I reviewing Kit's music in CR? Partially because he's part of our "family" and has done something quite outstanding and extraordinarily entertaining. He deserves our patronage. But of primary importance is the fact that I truly believe his music will appeal to a wide range of our readers. In our household, Watkins is our musical common ground (the only musical treat The Friar and I shared before was Kiri Te Kanawa singing the Strauss "Four Last Songs"). Clearly Watkins' music bridges the generation gap. It is crossover like you've never witnessed it before.

If you're tired of all the heavy metal, frantic jazz, booming rap, and same-old same-old pop and classical, then see what our very own Kit Watkins has to offer.

For more information, write Linden Music, P.O. Box 520, Linden, VA 22642. Better still, send $3.95 plus $2.00 for shipping and handling to the same address and tell them you'd like the Kit Watkins "Sampler" Album.

As per your requests, and in our zeal to become your "full service" magazine, we will begin publishing music reviews by an intergenerational couple from Northern California. These guys are professional music reviewers who will tell you all about recordings of interest to our special group of men. They'll be doing reviews on everything from opera to country & western music (but no heavy metal).

THE ARTWORK OF ELF

ELF lives in the Pacific Northwest with a cuddly and delightfully stout lover. While his main artistic thrust is illustration and portrait work, he enjoys reminding men that beauty comes in all sizes by delving in romantic fantasy art.

THE ARTWORK OF BRANCH

BRANCH is a 30-year-old African-American originally from Oklahoma city, currently living in the San Francisco Bay Area. He loves to draw stocky, bearded, older men.

IN CLOSING

THE MAY 30TH GATHERING OF CONTRIBUTORS AT RUSSIAN RIVER

"What an incredible weekend! The experience ***far*** *surpassed my expectations! I was especially surprised and pleased by how harmoniously everyone got along. Everyone seemed to be making lots of new friends—which is wonderful. I do hope this can happen again next year. I know I will be looking forward to it, no matter where (and PAPA BEAR's place was excellent). What a great network of friendships seems to be growing, thanks to your great work with CR. It's become so much more than a publication! I'm really impressed."* ***QUETZAL****/West Hollywood*

"It's difficult coming down off the great high of last weekend. It was wonderful being around those great guys. As I told you, there was a family feeling about it, because of our shared experience with CR. It was wonderful to get to know some of the people behind the pictures or the names. D.W. BRECKENRIDGE was the biggest surprise, because he turned out to be an old co-worker from the Minneapolis area. We'd known each other for several years, perhaps aware that each other was gay but, certainly, never talking openly about our sexuality as we did at "The House of a Thousand Flowers". ***PLOVER****/West Hollywood*

"The party was a tremendous success. Everyone was so congenial and friendly that it created a feeling of great pleasure. It is gratifying to know that we have so many really quality men in our 'family.' Of course, there were many men I could have fallen in love with, but one person stands out as the epitome of desirable personality: JOEL. Now that's one man everyone can love and appreciate." ***BUD TWO****/San Diego*

"Well, what can I say? I've only been back home for 24 hours and I still haven't gotten back to normal. My mind keeps going over and over everything that happened and all I can think of is that I just wish it didn't have to end. I can't remember when I had such a good time. Yes, I can. I ***haven't.*** *I've never been around such a lovely group of people in my life. Everybody was warm and friendly and treated me like I was family. For this I am forever grateful."* ***BRAD****/Long Beach*

"The gathering was a most enjoyable and memorable weekend. Hopefully I will be allowed to continue the acquaintanceship of several I met there. ZIPPER and NIPPER and BIG MAC and DENNY are charming. Now I understand why you rave about them. What was surprising was the ease everyone felt. I was rather apprehensive meeting so many 'strangers,' but I never ran into one. Being able to comment on a picture or an article was the perfect ice-breaker, and the name tags helped no end. I, for one, left with a quiet glow of being readily accepted, even sought out by a few (boy did that boost my ego!) from my extended 'family.'" ***FLORES****/San Francisco*

"Somewhere between 'sigh' and 'squeak' in the treasury of memories gathered at the party is the honor of having met Annie. This four-legged, tail-wagging hostess worked nonstop to be sure every guest was welcomed, then served each in every mood. If one was energetic, Annie found her ball and invited play. If one was wistful (captured by the spell of watching incoming fog curl through the majestic redwood branches), Annie was there to sit beside the chair as a friend to guard against melancholy. Annie's incredible gift of sensing even the most complex snarls of human tension and stress, and her anxiety to offer a bit of fur for stroking, or an ear to scratch to help erase those foolish foibles, is a wonder to behold. Of course, she has an excellent teacher. To praise PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR as good hosts, ***superb hosts,*** *is something of an understatement. They are magicians. I was especially impressed with the subtle offerings that abound to invite a paradise of relaxation, yet never allow a moment of boredom. A pair of binoculars and a booklet of native bird species on a table beside the door to the sun deck where such creatures come to visit, for example. A stack of music on the piano, an unfinished jigsaw puzzle, a library filled with works for every taste, all simply placed there in case they might further enrich one's stay. While our hosts weathered the challenge of a mob of CR zanies with all appearances of ease, I could not help but envision a stay at 'The House of a Thousand Flowers' under more normal 'bed and breakfast inn' conditions. I doubt there could be a more beautiful, relaxing, gracious and perfect vacation retreat experience anywhere else on the planet. It was unnecessary for the proprietors to say, 'Make yourself at home.' Their house—and Annie says it for them the moment one arrives—embraces its guests with a warmth and love that is quite overwhelming. I'd gladly fall in love again with any man who'd have me if he'll book the honeymoon at 'The House of a Thousand Flowers.'"* ***KENN RICHIE****/Los Angeles*

"Well, it's been a whole week since the contributors' gathering here, and we're finally getting things back to normal. We were just a little worried that we wouldn't be able to pull it off, but everything came together so beautifully. Many thanks to those that pitched in to help in one way or another, especially Bear Cub, Al, Brian, Zipper, Nipper, Sid, Richard, Lone Wolf, and too many more to mention. Without those guys hauling and setting up tables, manning the barbecues and doing a monumental pile of dishes afterwards, this conference simply wouldn't have been the success it was. Never in our lives have we seen so many quality men—beautiful men—in one gathering. It was wonderful to meet the real people behind the pictures and names. The most rewarding experience of all was the beautiful feeling of camaraderie, mutual support and love generated those two days. This is what CR is all about. Our very best to 100 new friends." ***BABY BEAR & PAPA BEAR****/Cazadero*

On May 30th and 31st, 1992, something very special happened. To some it was a fantastic party. To others it was one of the most moving occasions of their lives. For one or two it was a giant step out of a self-constructed habitat that had protected yet entrapped them for years.

It all started when PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR insisted upon repeating the party of last year by having us up to "The House of a Thousand Flowers" near the Russian River to celebrate their union and CR's existence. THE FRIAR thought it was a great idea, but I balked, reminding him that PAPA BEAR would knock himself out with all the work and place himself in a financial bind again like last year (something he didn't need with all his legal bills) . . . and that CR wasn't in good enough fiscal shape yet to take the complete financial burden off his hands. After all, the cost of the food, the picnic table rental, supplies and garbage removal would be enormous. THE FRIAR countered with the offer of financing it himself, so I knew how important it was to him (we both

desperately needed vacations). I also knew how important it was to celebrate PAPA BEAR's finding a lifemate: the big, lovable young man who came into an almost shattered life and made it whole again. So, not wanting to disappoint P & B BEAR and THE FRIAR, I agreed to go, but only if THE FRIAR and I could reimburse expenses and declare the party a CR business function.

What to do? Last year PAPA BEAR put out an essentially open invitation to all Bay Area readers within a certain radius, and perhaps 50 showed up. This year, with an almost quadrupled readership and word-of-mouth raves about the last party, we were afraid that a thousand would expect to be invited. And what about all those other readers across the country? Make that *two* thousand! We were therefore compelled to limit the invitations, so we decided to call it a Contributors' Gathering and invite only models, writers, artists, photographers and support people who've been featured in or active with the magazine within the past couple of years or so. Who better to reward with a party than the guys who made us what we are? We'd invite them from coast to coast, include their mates or pals, and see who responded.

Better said than done. In the midst of total chaos surrounding the back-to-back production and distribution of Issues 48, 49 and 50, we had to find the time to go through the last 16 issues and create a data base of contributors. Surveys had to be done on lodging in the area; a lot of calls had to be made. Finally, three-page invitations (the invitation, a list of resorts and motels, and an RSVP form with questionnaire) were sent out to over 300 contributors in February and a manageable 85 accepted (equating to about 110 guests, counting mates and other companions). We followed up with the transmittal of a map and further instructions to those 85. Labels were made to help contributors identify each other and to aid us in identifying crashers. We also had to coordinate an effort to pair people up with roommates and get rides for certain people. It turned out to be one hell of a job (and I winced at the thought of the physical task that lay ahead for PAPA & BABY BEAR), but, *hot damn*, the party was on!

THE FRIAR and I, accompanied by models DENNY and BIG MAC, took off in CR's seven-passenger Voyager at the crack of dawn on Friday, the 29th, en route to SFO, where we were to meet the flight of CHARLES CHIARELLI and JOHN McNEILL (CR editor/model and contributing writer/model respectively), who were flying in from Newark. We sweated out Charlie and John's rather tight transfer in Houston, but they made it okay. From there, we drove through San Francisco during rush hour and arrived at the Village Inn in Monte Rio around dinner time, quickly checking into our rooms overlooking the Russian River.

Entering the highly regarded Village Inn Restaurant, we were met by at least 40 jovial CR contributors and guests who were just finishing their meals. They had almost completely taken over the restaurant and had already gotten acquainted with each other through PAPA BEAR, who sat at the epicenter of the activity (and who looked like a different man, thanks to BABY BEAR). It was quite an experience greeting all of them and realizing that a tremendous bonding process had already begun to take place. There sat co-founder/artist QUETZAL (along with mate, model PLOVER); co-founder/writer KENN RICHIE; and literary consultant, VIKING. Super models ZIPPER, NIPPER, C.J., BOB FIVE, WALTER MITTY, BRAD, HORNED TOAD, BAREKAT, RICHIE II, BEAR CUB, BIG PAW and THOM were there, along with writer, FLORES and some hot-looking lifemates, dates and other guests, some of whom prefer to stay out of the lime light. (Two of them will step into the lime light as models in the near future.)

And then it was time to be introduced to some of the guys we'd never met face-to-face: BABY BEAR, JOEL, D.W. BRECKENRIDGE, JACOB, LORD CLEVELAND, LANDSCAPER and MOUNTAIN MAN. What a joy that was!

After dinner, we were walking up to the room when we were greeted by none other than previous super model and SWAN video star, ROB DADEO, his awesomely handsome lover, and model LAYTON's young lover, a long-time supporter. Boy, what a preview of coming attractions.

Early next morning, we found a convenient café in Monte Rio and ordered hearty breakfasts. Soon the CR guys staying at the various resorts in the area started drifting in, and we took over yet another restaurant. The questioning looks on the waitress and cooks were amusing. They were probably used to seeing packs of unruly younger men, not affectionate, well-behaved older AND younger men together.

After breakfast, we drove into nearby Guerneville and bought barbecue meat and beverage (it was a BYOM & B party), then we headed back to Magic Mountain, on top of which sits PAPA BEAR's exquisitely beautiful "House of a Thousand Flowers" bed and breakfast establishment.

We enthusiastically met for the first time writer GIRAFFE; new artist, BRANCH; our new logo designer, GARY THOMAS; videographer, P.R. SIMON; west coast models BUD TWO, PALOS VERDE PAL, LAYTON and BILL TWO; east coast model ACE; and translator TURBO. Then it was time to greet the contributors we've known for awhile and had already befriended: photographer THE TRAVELER; west coast models ERNIE, THE BANKER, CANCER, KARL, DRAGON, BAY AREA TOP, JOHN BEAR, MICHAEL OF GERMANY, LONE WOLF and PEDER; east coast model JAMES; writer GENE WAGNER (all the way from Guadalajara, *con esposo*); translator SASHI; and some old friends who shall remain incognito. (God, I hope I didn't miss anyone.) Black, Anglo, Latin, Asian, skinny, stocky, tall, short, older, younger—a representative chunk of our diverse family was there. (Of the 10 no-shows, three later advised iron-clad excuses. See HEALTH in this issue for the most frightening.)

It was my job to slap labels on the contributors and their guests as they arrived, so I missed a lot of the initial activities, which included greetings and introductions on four levels (five, if you count the nature trail below the house). Every time I went back to my briefcase to get more labels I noticed that one group had dissolved and another had formed. People were mingling quite well and everyone was smiling and laughing. The sun was warm and the breeze was invigorating—perfect weather for a great party.

PAPA & BABY BEAR and their helpers were busy getting the *hors d'oeuvres* out to the lovely enclosed flower deck, finishing up veggie dishes and salads for later serving, and firing up the barbecue pits. They had set up the ample driveway with picnic tables, and ninety-five or so guests eventually sat down to a dinner of self- barbecued meat and an array of traditional and exotic side dishes (entrees for non-cannibals, as Buddhist GENE WAGNER put it). Delish!

Of course, people were taking photos all along, but after the feast, our serious photographers got down to business, taking advantage of the afternoon sun and all those incredible flowers. Professionals JOEL and RICHIE II brought out state-of-the-art equipment and began shooting away on

every level. JACOB, C.J., THE TRAVELER, CHARLIE and BAREKAT joined in along with a few others. At one point I saw at least 30 men lining the top balcony while looking down at a nude photography session on the nature trail below.

The conversation was lively. An example:

CHARLES CHIARELLI: Are you really a banker?

THE BANKER: Yes.

JOHN McNEILL: Do you impose a penalty for *early withdrawal*?

THE BANKER: Yeah, I lose *interest*.

By the time darkness had fallen, a few guest had left (the narrow mountain road is treacherous after dark), but the party shifted into high gear. Several of our single guests had paired off with others, and it became evident that very few men were going to be left out at THIS shindig. An image that still haunts me is the erotic "dance" RICHIE II and BOB FIVE did. Unfortunately, no one took photos of it, but these two kept appearing in my field of vision from every room at every angle, kissing and caressing in every imaginable position. It was astoundingly beautiful.

As it became late, I approached P & B BEAR about whether they wanted to meet a group of us at the beach the next day for a bring-your-own-sandwich (the deli at Safeway in Guerneville is top notch) picnic. "Nonsense," PAPA BEAR said, "do it here. The beach will be fog-shrouded and crowded with Sunday tourists." Realizing these remarkable guys were quite serious and not the least bit tired of us, the word was passed around that we would all meet the next day for phase two of the party.

Several of us left to have a light dinner at the Village Inn (BIG MAC and THE FRIAR are diabetics and must eat at proper intervals), but a sizeable group stayed on at the party, which went on into the night.

When the six of us returned the next morning, it was as if the party had never stopped. But instead of chaos, we found that the handful of guys who'd stayed there had cleaned up the mess inside and out and washed all the dishes while P & B BEAR slept (which moved them to tears when they awakened and found out).

When the crowd began to return, the leftovers were brought out. We heard provocative rumors about the events of the previous night, including the frantic, hilarious search for ZIPPER's lost butt plug (I understand they were considering a cavity search just before the plug was found in a most embarrassing place) . . . along with some exploits we probably shouldn't mention here. Suffice it to say that the spa got heavy use and few people got very much sleep.

The mystery of the previous day was: Who slipped the hundred dollar bill into PAPA BEAR's back pocket? PB was patted on the ass so much that he has no idea who did it, and, of course, no one came forward. But there were other guys who donated to the cause, too, and I'm happy to say that, counting donations and what we had managed to scrape up, P & B BEAR came out a few bucks ahead. Grand parties for 100 people are very expensive, in spite of the fact that people brought their own . . . *ahem* . . . meat.

At one point JOEL and THOM asked me to join them in a corner of the driveway to discuss how they could fit into our plans for the future. There is no denying that we need young blood to insure that CR lives on after us, and JOEL is one of the most talented and professionally flexible (two degrees in finance) young men we've ever met. When we can afford him (hopefully as soon as our expansion pays off and we pay off a $9,000 business loan), we're going after him with a vengeance. Just as the serious conversation was ending, someone (FLORES? BAREKAT? I forget who) asked, "Pat, how much do you weigh?" Everyone began to laugh and glance at my chair, which had sunk six inches into the hot asphalt. I wondered why my knees were hurting.

Again the cameras came out and the photography resumed with JOEL and RICHIE II leading the way. Since I was free of my greeting duties, I pulled out my camera and joined in.

Model C.J. and his travel companion (a good friend we'll call CAJUN) arrived. CAJUN, a modest man of great character with drop-dead good looks, was dressed in a yellow knit shirt with blue shorts and looked good enough to eat. But since he's rather shy and must remain discreet because of his profession, he avoids the camera lenses. RICHIE II and I, along with a few other admirers, could only sit around and lust after him. Besides, he was waiting for his Bay Area date to come by and pick him up.

Well . . . when the date showed up, I swear I could actually *hear* jaws dropping all over the room. "Mr. Date" turned out to be a rugged-looking, stocky, deep-voiced TEN PLUS with eyes the color of sun-lit tanzanite and a chemistry *saturated* with testosterone. He had the most delightful German accent. I realized that I must have sounded rather coarse and stupid when I blurted: "Where did you find THAT?!"

Later on, after the sun had set, and all the film had been exposed, and quite a few people had torn themselves away to hit the road, we had a chance to "let all of it out" with PAPA BEAR and BABY BEAR. Like so many other couples, they'd found each other through CR and are fiercely dedicated to our cause. It was a rather moving experience gathering into a group hug and bawling out of pure joy. The same thing had happened to us earlier with JOEL and THOM. Powerful stuff.

I looked around and saw that singles WALTER MITTY, BRAD, D.W. BRECKENRIDGE, KARL, JACOB, JAMES, JOHN BEAR, FLORES, LORD CLEVELAND, RICHIE II, KEN RICHIE, BAREKAT, BILL II and THE VIKING didn't look so single any more. So maybe they didn't find the loves of their lives at the party (one or two may have); they certainly made some new lasting friendships and most assuredly now realize the importance we place upon their friendship and contributions to CR.

The next morning we drove CHARLIE and JOHN to pick up a rental car in Santa Rosa (John was scheduled to speak at a retreat up north then preach at an MCC church in San Francisco before they flew back to the east coast). After some emotional farewells, we left them there and headed for Lafayette (between Oakland and Walnut Creek) to pick up model JAMES, who was returning a drive-away car to its owners.

And then we were off for that long, long drive down Interstate 5, past hundreds of miles of crops and fruit/nut trees. I drove, longing to hear what hysterical things DENNY was telling JAMES to make him laugh for over 300 miles. MAC and THE FRIAR "rested their eyes" a few times, but otherwise stayed awake to make sure I did.

Stopping for carry-out Pollo Loco chicken in Palmdale, we made it to Casa de Luna, where SAMMI and ZELDA were doing back flips over our return (baby/housesitters DICK and ADAM had left a few hours earlier). After dinner, MAC and DENNY left for their home in Huntington Beach.

The next morning, we drove JAMES down the hill to catch a bus for Palm Springs then picked up a ton of mail. Back to reality time! It was time to start to working on this issue.

But it was awfully difficult to get back into the groove. There were some great memories to savor: the renewal of existing friendships, the formation of new ones. Files that had contained only a provocative photo, a sultry drawing, or an excellent piece of writing would now evoke the memory of personality, character, chemistry. There would be a mental record of voice resonance, of some little . . . something . . . that made each man unique. There was now so much more to love and appreciate.

Love to you all.
Pat and The Friar

(Note: If you are an interested contributor who lives way east of Califonria near adequate lodging, has enough room and privacy for a hundred or so uninhibited party guests, and wants to throw the party of a lifetime, contact us. Maybe you can be the co-host of the next Contributors' Gathering. You get to invite your own close friends and meet the finest men you've ever met. All of your party expenses will be reimbursed by CR. Time frame: late spring or early summer, 1993, depending upon the weather in your area. If you were a contributor during the past two years but somehow got overlooked for this latest party, please accept our profound apology and write us to insure that you are on the next list.)

THE ARTWORK OF MAURICE

MAURICE, a young Mexican artist residing in London, truly appreciates the more mature man.

THE ARTWORK OF WALT HENRY

He's back! WALT HENRY is a professional artist from Michigan. He's one of the most popular erotic artists on the scene today, and his works can be seen mostly in BEAR and DADDY Magazines

ORDER FORM

NOTE SPECIAL RATES ON BACK ISSUES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - the next 8 issues (regular bi-monthly and special semi-annual).	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - the next 6 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issues.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - the next 4 issues (regular bi-monthly and special semi-annual).	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - the next 3 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issues.	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE
1991: #44, #46	1.50	3.00	4.00
1992: #48 (NOTE: #47 sold out.)	1.50	3.00	4.00
1992: #50	3.00	5.00	6.00
SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES			
FALL/WINTER 90 (SANCTUM) #37	2.00	4.00	6.00
SPRING/SUMMER 91 (MOONFINCH)#41	2.00	4.00	6.00
FALL/WINTER 91 (ZONES) #45	2.00	4.00	6.00
SPRING/SUMMER 92 (KNOWING SATURN) #49	6.00	8.00	10.00

IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we ship to Japan, United Kingdom and New Zealand via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) All issues are now available in all states. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, HOWEVER. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are too often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $2.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED.

SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #52(OCT 92) NO LATER THAN AUGUST 15, 1992

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____

TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

BELLYWARMER **a self portrait**

FLORES

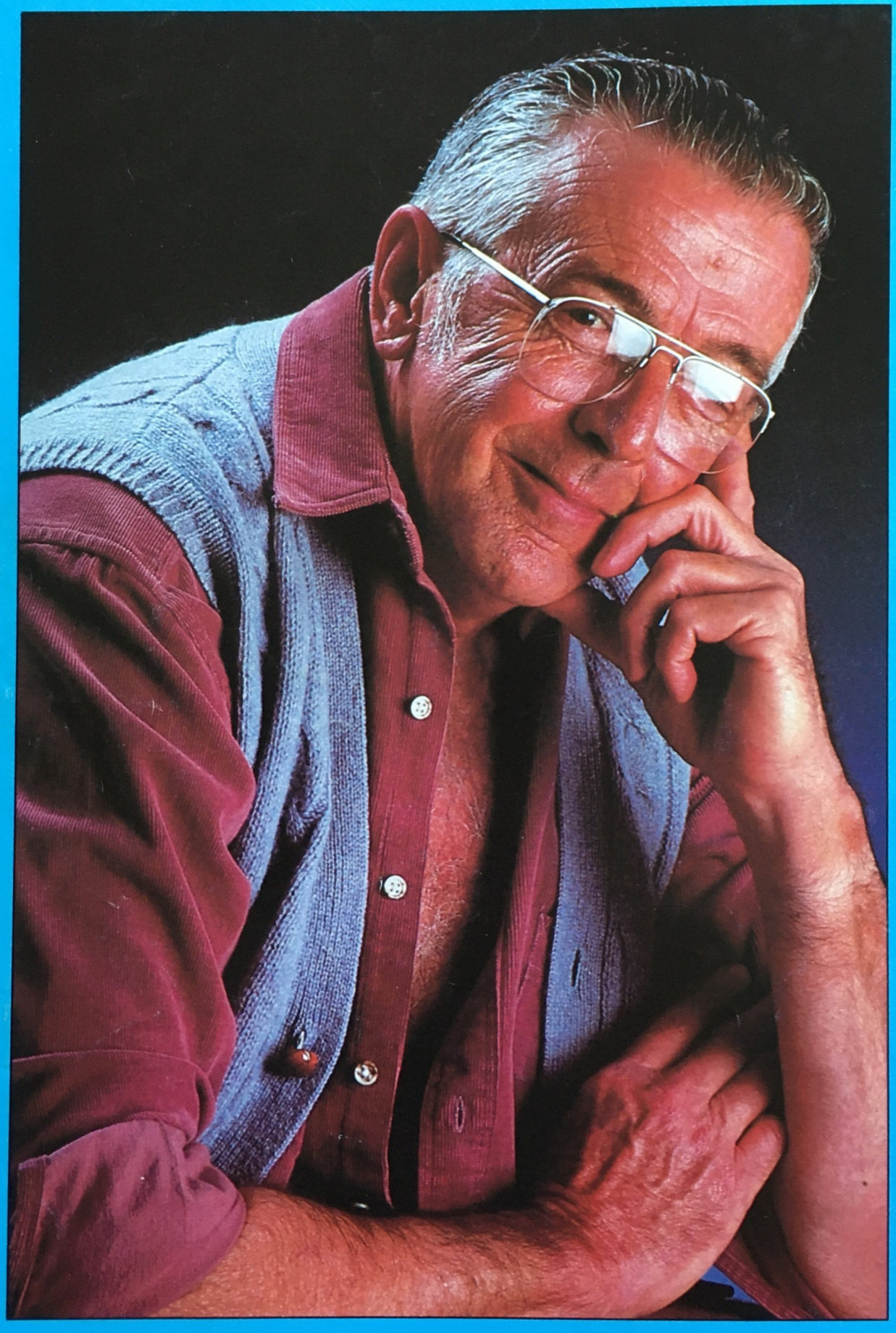



photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS